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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 451.—Vol. XXXV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, July 24, 1912 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

OUTDOOR LIFE AT WINDSOR CASTLE

His Majesty the King conversing with the Crown Prince of Greece, and on the right, listening, Her Majesty the Queen. (Photographed at the recent Royal Garden Party)

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. "EVERYBODY'S DOING IT!" ROBERT HALE, IDA CRISPI, FARREN SOUTAR, etc., in "THE WATER NYMPH," LYDIA KYASHT, THE THREE RUBES, etc. EVENINGS, at 8. Manager, ARTHUR ALDIN.

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GARRICK. "FIND THE WOMAN." A Play in Four Acts by CHARLES KLEIN. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AND VIOLET VANBRUGH. EVENINGS, at 8.30. MATINÉE, WEDNESDAYS, at 2.30.

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"
—PISTOL (*modified*)

The Cabinet in a Dilemma

IN having to decide which it will keep, the Mediterranean or Mr. Lloyd George, the Government may be said, by some, to be between the devil and the deep sea. We wish it well of its choice. We are not Liberals, but if we were, and had to choose between the two, we should certainly prefer possessing the Mediterranean to being possessed of Mr. George. If the Government decided to give the Empire the defence it needs, and, as a consequence, had to resist Mr. Lloyd George so that he fled from them, it could keep office easily enough by the aid of Unionist votes. Some two and a half years ago THE BYSTANDER prophesied that the sequel to the 1910 election would be, sooner or later, a new Liberal-Unionist Coalition, working against Radical Socialism. Slowly, but none the less surely, this is being fulfilled. As Mr. Massingham has miserably proved to us, the Imperialists have gained ground steadily, and only Mr. Lloyd George now represents the "C.-B." tradition in the Cabinet. Peases and Runcimans and Hobhouses hath Asquith in plenty, but George not one of them, not even a Macnamara or a Masterman to say him yea. In the Cabinet his is a still small voice, and when he says "No Big Navy—or, at any rate, no Very Big One," nobody heedeth. (To have started with Mr. G. as the Evil One and to have ended with him as a still small voice is, I consider, creditable, in one paragraph.)

* * *

Arranging a New Coalition

WHETHER or not this tale is true about Mr. Churchill having it in his mind to form a Liberal-Unionist Coalition under his own lead, it is a pretty one. Rarely, however, do Coalitions come into existence by being called. Political amalgamations are the outcome of mutual necessity, not of choice. Did Salisbury and Chamberlain, for instance, ever *want* to sit in the same Cabinet? Does Mr. Asquith *like* having to consult Mr. Redmond on every move of the game? Only the painful force of circumstances causes Coalitions. There are, of course, such things as "arranged accidents," and if Mr. Churchill and Mr. F. E. Smith take another yachting cruise together, nothing that happens next autumn would surprise me.

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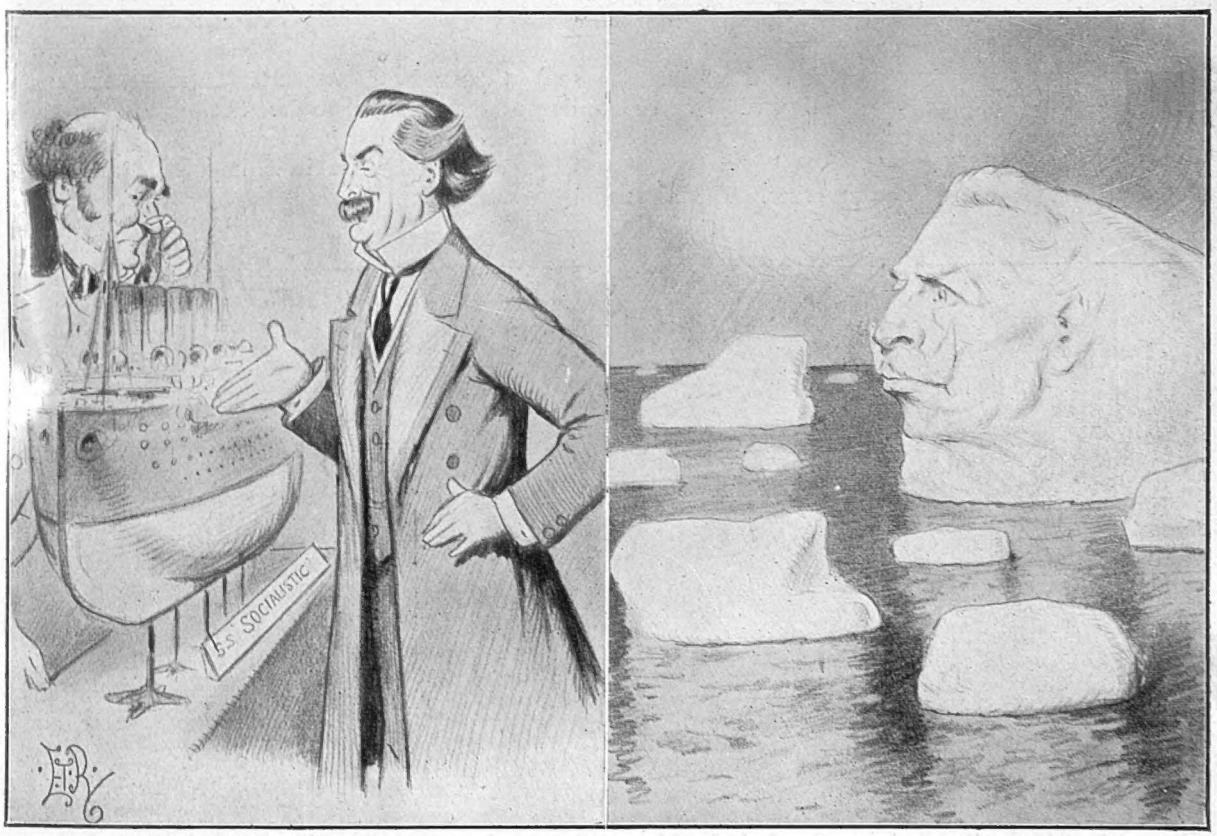
The End of a Love Affair

WHAT is certain in the situation is that the ways of the twin warriors of the Limehouse *liaison* now lie apart. Probably no future Cabinet will hold them both. In the early



THE GREAT FUTURE SHIP OF STATE, DESIGNED BY MR. LLOYD GEORGE

Mr. Bull *(ship-owner)*: "You seem, Mr. George, in your plans to have thought of everything conducive to the comfort of those inside— —But what of the perils that lie in wait without?"

BY E. T. REED

The Garden Party as an Entertainment

days of the affair, shrewd observers speculated how long it would last, and which of the two would be the first to break it off. The same observers had not long to wait. Winston and David remained together, apparently, until the second General Election. Then, while David was talking the same old Limehouse as before, did we not notice a new note in the Winston voice? No more vituperation—only sweet reason. With each speech, Winston grew wiser, and then—he went to the Admiralty. Since this, there has been no sign whatever of any co-operation between him and Mr. George. Indeed, everything points the other way. For Mr. Churchill, whatever it may have been convenient for him to pretend, is a Tory, and not a Radical, democrat, the difference having been given as that the one serves the people in the interests of the State and the other the State in the interests of the people.

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Italy Goes Ahead

SO desperately fitful are the Italians in their attacks on the Turks that they are in danger of losing their utility in the eyes of the Ottoman authorities. Ever since the "war" began, it has been used by the Turks as a means of keeping things quiet at home. "The enemy is at our gates," had become the staple means of staving off crises. The latest attack on the Dardanelles, therefore, taking place as it did in the middle of a Ministerial crisis, was so acceptable to the Turks that at first it was freely said that they had arranged it themselves! Subsequent news, however, dispels that idea. It was the Italians after all, and the raid is modestly claimed in Rome to be the most glorious page in Naval history. I tremble to think what will be claimed when the Italian Navy does something really important.

THE KING TALKING TO AN INDIAN PRINCE AT THE GARDEN PARTY

(We suggest that the word "Durbar" was mentioned in the course of the conversation)

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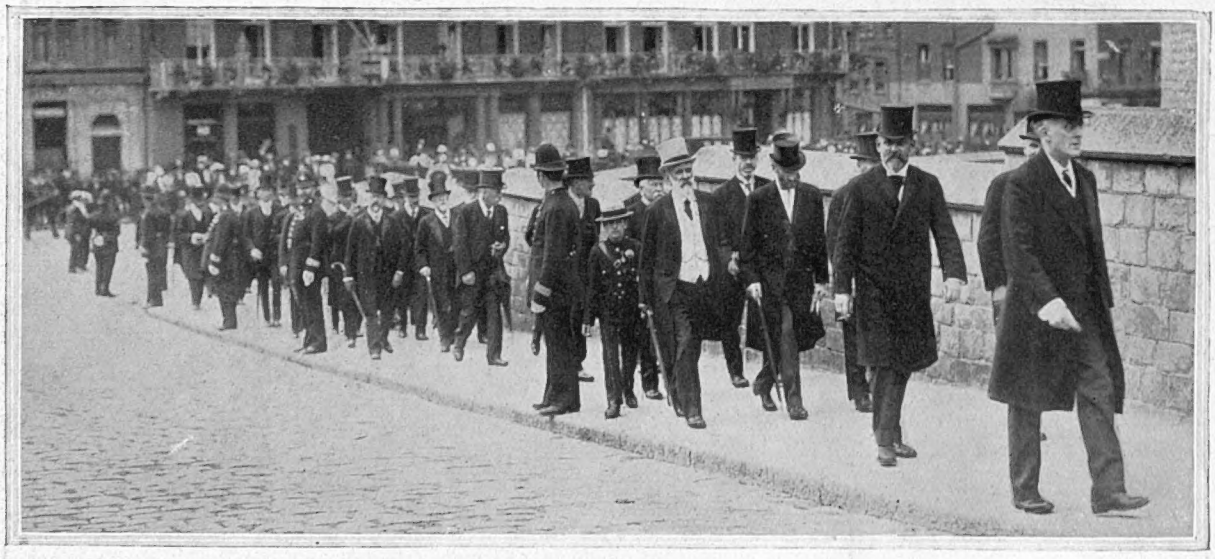
*

The Garden Party

THE Royal Garden Party, which is the only kind of garden-party at which you are positively compelled to show your ticket, is a charmingly kaleidoscopic, and an interesting, if not an exciting, function. Conversation and an exhaustive survey of your neighbour's clothes are, from the feminine standpoint, the chief, in fact, the only possible activities, and once you've arrived, tip-toed to snatch a view of Royal hats, and fought with your other nine (or ten) thousand fellow-guests for tea—well, you've done all there really is to do. Still, as an opportunity for taking a bird's-eye view of the Upper Ten Thousand at its best it is impossible to choose a happier occasion.



THE ROYAL SOCIETY FIGURES IN ROYAL SOCIETY

Though the Royal Society's members have engaged, as Mr. Asquith reminded them, in the "slow but sure subjection of nature," they were human enough to enjoy the honour of the King's invitation to attend the Windsor Castle Garden Party

Hustled—Decorously This Time

THEIR MAJESTIES ENJOY ONCE AGAIN THE PENALTIES OF POPULARITY

THE KING AND QUEEN TALKING TO THEIR GUESTS AT THE WINDSOR GARDEN PARTY

It seems to be the fate of our King and Queen to pass their lives in a crowd. Whether it be a thoroughly democratic one as shown in our photograph at Rowmarsh last week, or in one specially selected as depicted above at the Royal Garden Party, the nervous strain must be terrific

Imaginary Conversations in the Park

"You-know, the Cecils aren't such bad fellows, after all"
LORD SALISBURY AND LADY AIRLIE RIDING IN HYDE PARK
Conversation by "The Bystander"

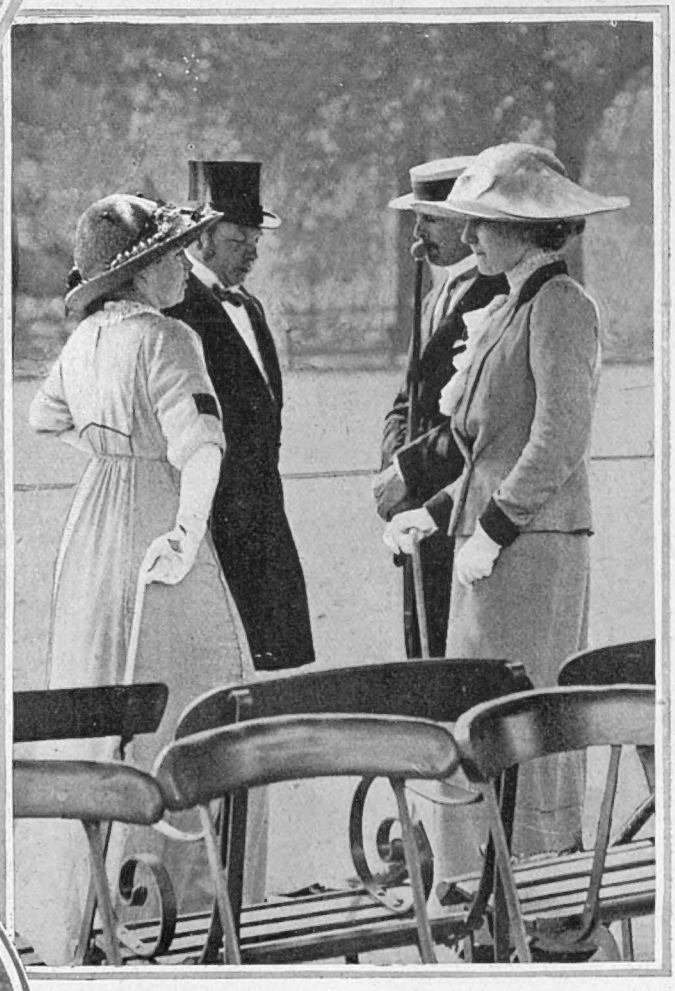
Royal Holidays

NOT to see the Royal Standard afloat over Buckingham Palace will seem quite strange next week, so constantly has the Monarch been in attendance there this year. London, however, in spite of a garden of fifty acres or so, is "impossible," even for Royalty, in August and September; and the King leaves Town, probably on Friday, for Portsmouth *en route* for next week's Goodwood, where, as usual, he will be the guest of the Duke of Richmond. Subsequently he goes to Cowes, where he will be joined on the Royal yacht by the Queen and the Prince of Wales. After Cowes His Majesty goes North, and will shoot with the Duke of Devonshire at Bolton Abbey, Mr. Lionel de Rothschild at Tulchan, and one or two others before rejoining his family at Balmoral.

***

Finis

NEXT week Goodwood, then Cowes, and after that, the end of a season considered, I believe, quite satisfactory from the social point of view. Never were there so many parties, so many weddings; never was there more good gold sacrificed upon the sacred altar of pleasure. The results have amply repaid all effort. Whole bunches of blue-blooded maids have blossomed into important matrons (if the term may with any point be applied to the modern "young married woman), and quite a satisfactory lot



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THE HON. LANCELOT LOWTHER (BROTHER AND "DOUBLE" OF LORD LONSDALE) AND MISS BARBARA LOWTHER TALKING TO LORD ANNALY AND HIS DAUGHTER
Conversation by "The Bystander"

Don't you think you're really rather absurd about the Mediterranean?"
LADY LONDONDERRY AND LORD CHARLES BERESFORD RIDING IN HYDE PARK
Conversation by "The Bystander"

of people, of the most desirable kind, have duly done their duty in that state of life to which it is so advisable to have an heir.

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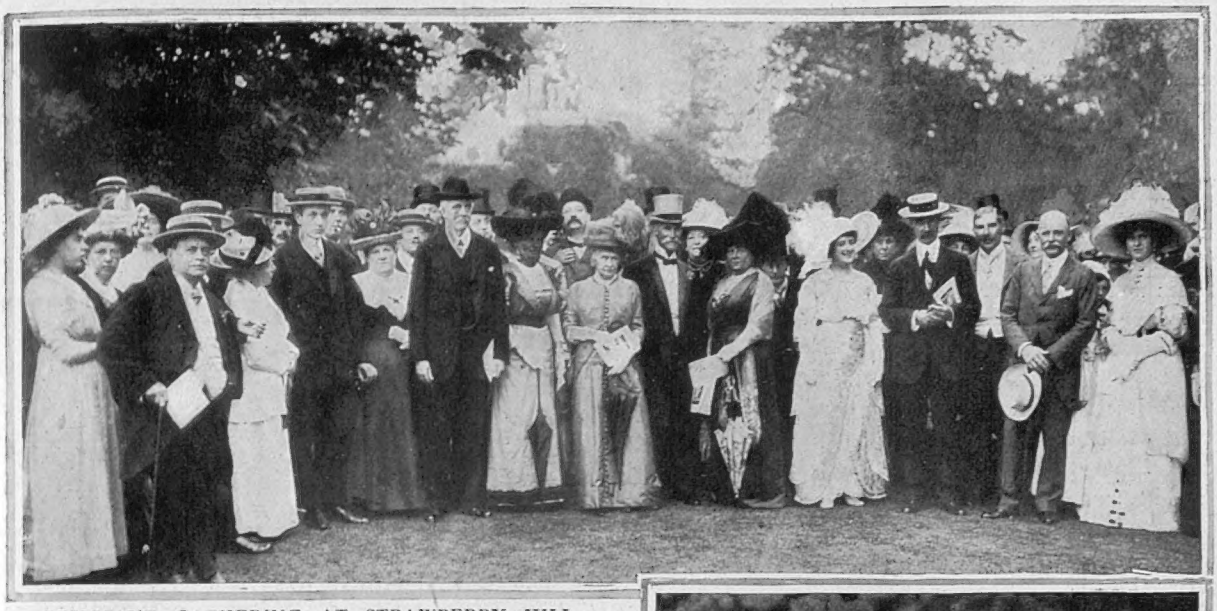
A Duke on Umpires

IT is a *very* nice point that Lord Lonsdale is engaged in deciding—whether the Duke of Marlborough or his cousin Guest won the joust at that recent expensive Earl's Court tourney. When a decision *is* arrived at, "we shall, of course," announces the Duke, "live up to our old-world chivalry and deem his lordship's decision correct. Who would argue the decision of an umpire in a game of cricket? No sportsman

Official Patronage For Russian Dancers?



BRILLIANT GATHERING AT STRAWBERRY HILL

The Garden Party given by Lord and Lady Michelham to meet Lord Lansdowne and the Vice-Presidents of the L.M.S. Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Walter Long will be recognised in the group

would put in a claim were he given out." Well, no, that's what we thought ourselves. Still, looking back to our schooldays, we do recall cases where puissant knights of high degree have been guilty of challenging an umpire's decision, and, on it being given against them, flinging down the bat and leaving the field.

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Earl's Court and Society

AND apropos of doings at Earl's Court, it is interesting to remark the return to social favour of that erstwhile neglected resort. At least three daughters of dukes with numerous noble cavaliers in attendance were, on the occasion of my last visit, to be seen gaily: Smashing up the Happy Home (seven shies for threepence), Sliding down the Bowl Slide, Climbing the Alpine Climb, Daring the Dragon's Gorge, etc., etc., etc., etc.; while the Exhibition, in consideration, doubtless, of Society's late dinner hour, now remains open till midnight instead of closing, as it formerly did, virtuously at eleven.

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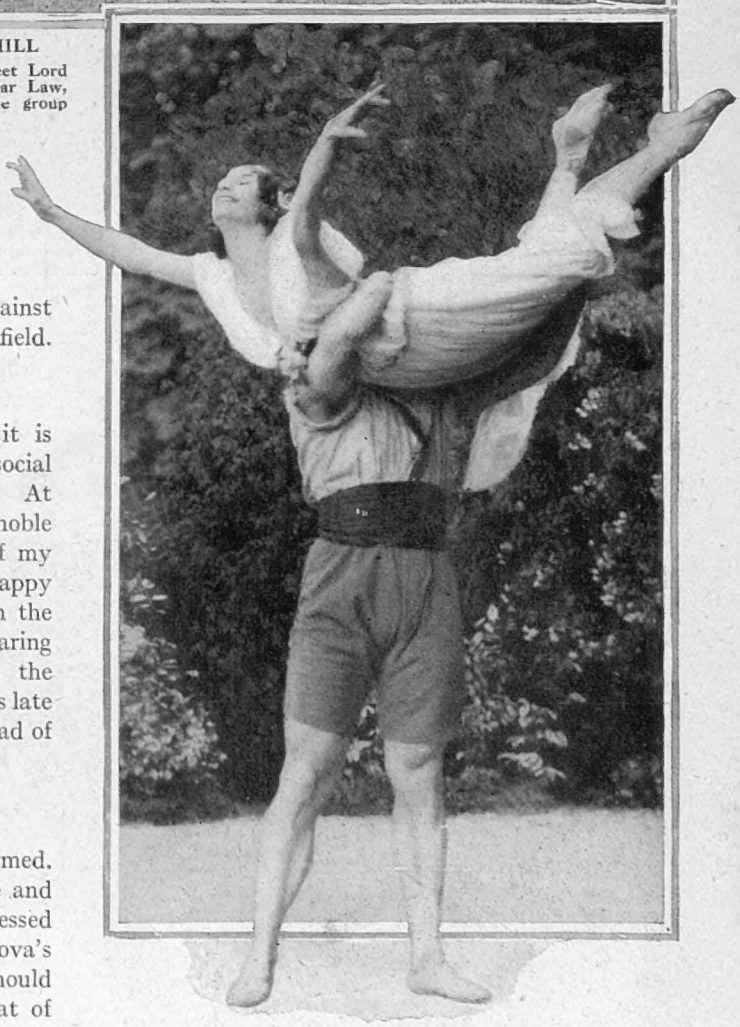
Politicians and the Ballet

THE BYSTANDER is getting seriously alarmed. Looking at the photographs on this page and putting two and two together he is obsessed with the idea of what might happen if Pavlova's performance at Lady Michelham's garden-party should have the same effect on Mr. Bonar Law as that of Maud Allan at the Palace had on Mr. Asquith—and family. We can all remember how popular Miss Allan was at Downing Street. How dreadful if Madame Pavlova were to dance herself into similar favour at Pembroke Lodge! We should be within sight of one of those piquant eighteenth century rivalries so familiar to all readers of Memoirs. It would be the Handel-Buononcini quarrel over again—only far more so, because of the political passions that would be aroused. All good Radicals would, of course, vow allegiance to "classical" dancing, while Tories would swear that only the orthodox school of ballet was



PAVLOVA AND NOVIKOFF DANCING FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF THE UNIONIST POLITICIANS

worthy of the name of dancing at all. And Mr. Butt, being a "bus-i-ness man," would doubtless arrange for the two ladies to appear on alternate nights before houses bursting with uproarious enthusiasm and demonstrative hostility. It should add vastly to the picturesqueness of London life, but as a good Unionist I fear the advantage would not be all on our side. No battle-cry that I can think of could hope to rival "For Salome and the Servant-Tax." But what about the Nonconformist vote?

Our Splendid Failure at Stockholm

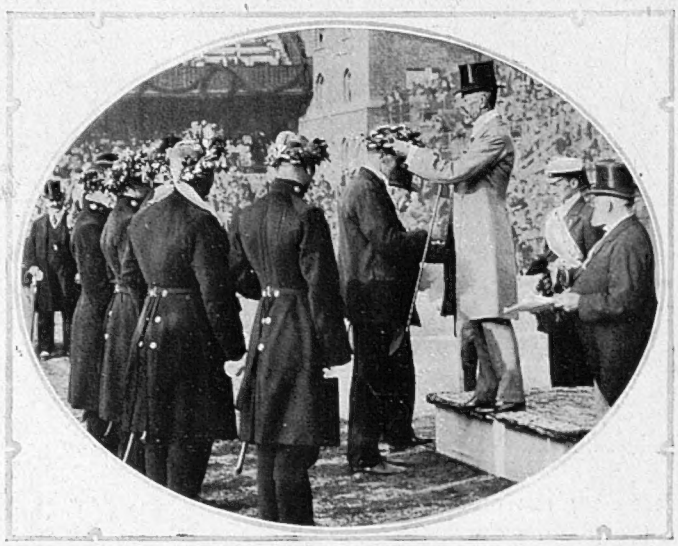
Reversion in Regent Street

GREAT was my concern, looking in the other day at what was until recently the New Gallery Restaurant in Regent Street, to find that the famous premises have advanced yet another stage on their career. A restaurant no longer, it has been closed to become a Picture Palace, and in Regent Street too! Perhaps some will prefer that what was originally a gallery should again become connected with pictures, even living ones, rather than with eating. Others may even rejoice, and hope that Burlington House may, after a brief spell as a restaurant, become associated with art in an animate form. And the artists? Well, what about a Royal Cinemacademy?

***

Our "Waning Grit"

FOLLOWING our "athletic decline" at the Olympic Games, the latest thing discovered to be wrong with us is "waning grit." We have to thank a Dr. Tredgold for the information, aided by statistics, that we are, as a race, "failing to adapt ourselves to the exigencies of the times, and not keeping pace with the increasing demands which civilisation entails." If this be so, I am inclined to blame not ourselves, but the "exigencies of the times," and also "civilisation." What are these tyrannical abstractions that men and women should have to adapt themselves to them?



THE KING OF SWEDEN PLACING LAUREL WREATHS ON THE HEADS OF THE OLYMPIC PRIZE WINNERS
Thanks to our national inefficiency at specialist sport, few British heads were troubled to undergo the ordeal

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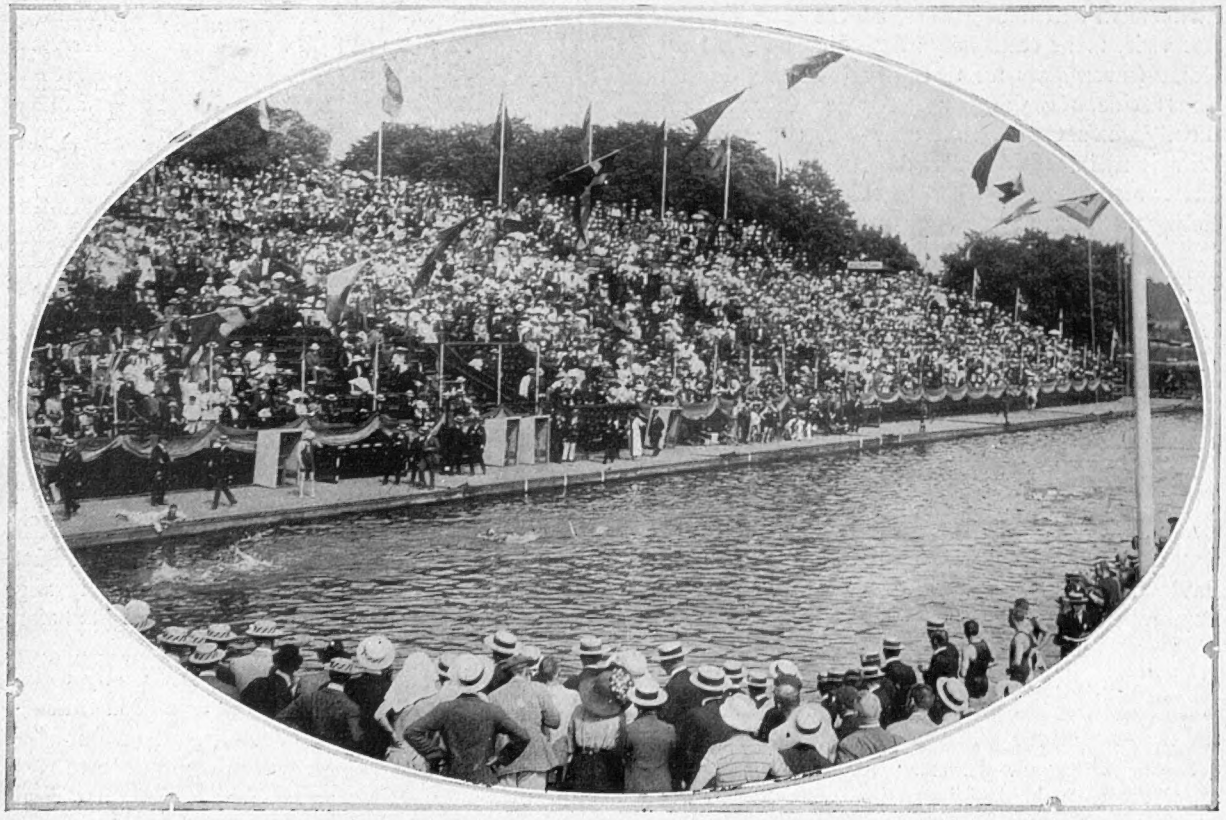
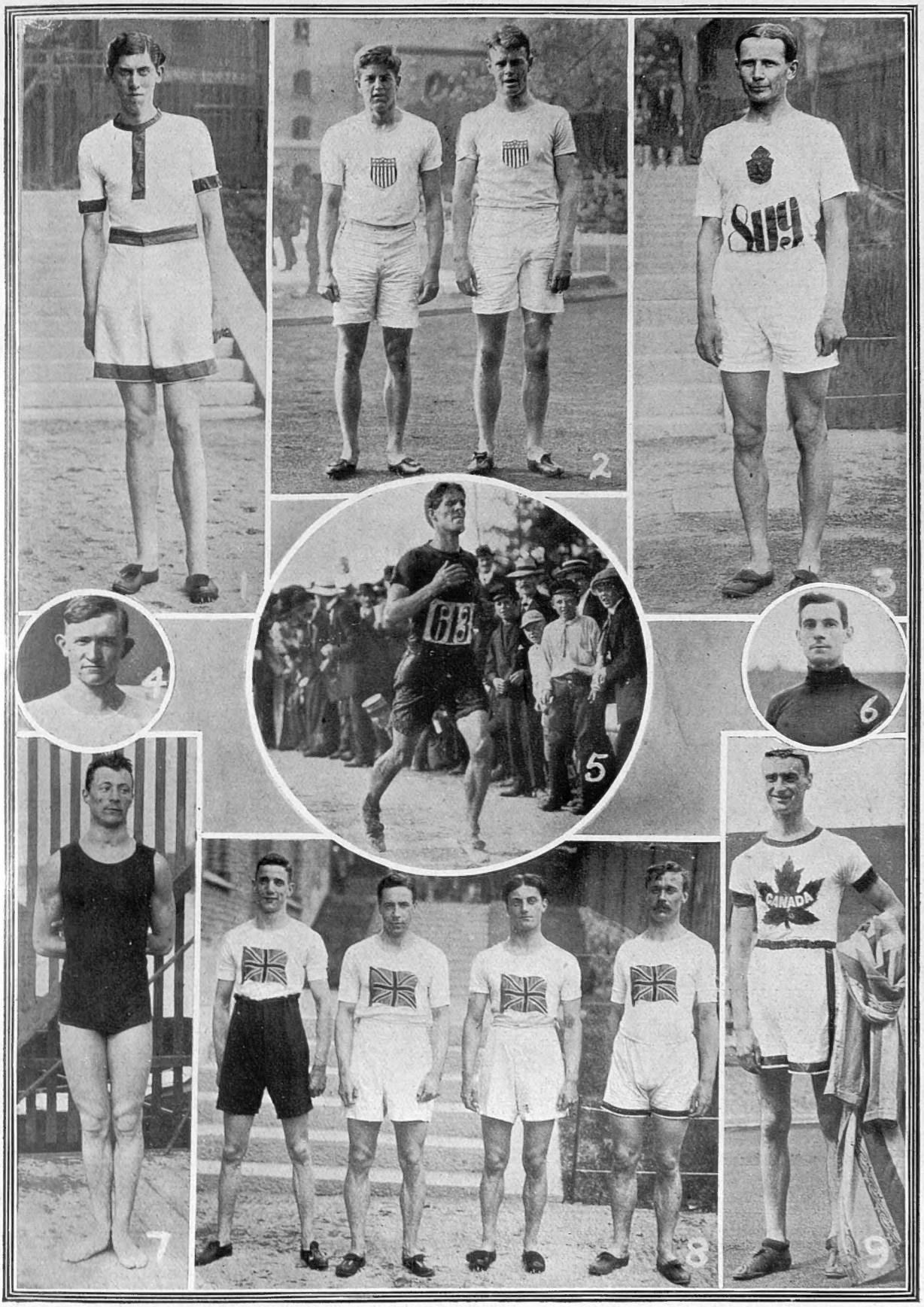
Why Try?

IF the times are so hard that we cannot live up to them, then why try? Are we, the human race, not greater than the "times" in which we live, and as for civilisation, is it not of our own making, a thing which, if it proves impossible to live up to, had better be abandoned? What Dr. Tredgold may assure himself of is that rebellion against too exacting conditions of life is not necessarily a sign of degeneracy. It is merely normal human nature in a natural state of legitimate revolt, and I am proud at the magnificent part played by the British at Stockholm in the lesson of How to Be Unsuccessful at the Unessential.



A REFRESHING ASPECT OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES: THE SWIMMING COMPETITION IN PROGRESS

OLYMPIC WINNERS (Some of them are Actually British)



Photographs *Sport and General*

In view of the dreadful distress manifested by some of our newspapers over the British "decadence" shown by the Olympic competitors at Stockholm, it is quite surprising to find several Englishmen (not to mention the Dominions), among the winners. Our photographs show (1) A. N. S. Jackson (England), 1,500 metres; (2) R. C. Craig and D. F. Lippincott (U.S.A.), 1st and 2nd, 200 metres; (3) H. Kolehmainen (Finland), 10,000, 5,000 and 8,000 metres cross country; (4) A. L. Gutterson (U.S.A.), long jump; (5) K. K. McArthur (South Africa), marathon race; (6) A. Braglia (Italy), gymnastics; (7) W. Bathe (Germany), 400 metres breast stroke and 200 metres free style swimming; (8) English team, relay race (left to right), D. A. Jacobs, H. M. Macintosh, W. R. Applegarth and V. H. A. D'Arcy; (9) G. H. Goulding (Canada), 10,000 metres walk

A Beautiful Franco-Indian Visitor to London

"Under Royal Patronage"

THE lesson of the Tree wedding went to show, it was said last week, a "belated but welcome" social recognition of the class "rightly known as the backbone of England," and if this was so, even more, I should think, did last week's Holford-Wilson wedding go a step further and show Royal recognition of the same. For it is surely a sign of the times that this first wedding attended by the King and Queen since their accession, and Queen Alexandra since her widowhood, should be one in which the leading parts were taken by mortals born—well, some distance off "the purple."

* * *

Recently Honoured

THE new Lady Holford is the daughter of a man (the late Mr. Arthur Wilson) who rose from the ranks to be one of the most successful *commerçants* of the nineteenth century, while the bridegroom, Sir George Holford, though a long-time friend of Royalty, only very recently entered those crowded hinder pages of Debrett where the knightage has its being.

* * *

Dress at the Durbar—

IT is amusing to read, in a somewhat belated account of the Durbar contained in a new Bodley Head novel, "An American Girl at the Durbar," how frightfully worried were all the men ("who, when they do begin to fuss about their clothes, make a much greater fuss than women"), poor wretches on that occasion, owing to the ever-varying orders from home anent dress to be worn at this and that big function. It is recorded how the Lord Chamberlain's Office was bombarded with inquiries, for wearing the wrong clothes meant being turned away from the functions, and how much surprise and not a little consternation was caused when one harassed official, in reply to repeated inquiries, announced that "surely everyone must know that, on occasions when ladies are present, no trousers are *ever* worn"; while the very last of the myriad telegrams from home contained the laconic command "no trousers."

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

We are glad that another visit by H.H. the Princess of Kapurthala to London enables us to present the latest portrait of this very beautiful lady, who it may be remembered was formerly on the Paris stage

* * *

—And Indian Morals

BY the way, Anglo-Indians will read with interest this writer's kindly whitewashing of Anglo-Indian Society than which, she declares, "there could be nothing more proper." This delightful condition of affairs, however, reigns apparently *faute de mieux*, and is largely because people "don't get a chance (!) of going far astray," as everyone lives so much in public. "When every single room has got at a moderate estimate half a dozen doors, mostly kept open, and every house sports some six or eight silent-footed servants given to prying and much gossip, it is difficult to make love to your neighbour's wife unbeknown to your neighbour and his household." Which may not, as our author remarks, be taking the highest view of things, but it comes to the same thing as if you did—in the end.

An Aristocrat—Even in Appearance

Photograph *Sarony*

Our portrait shows Lady Castlereagh, who is one of the daughters of Mr. Chaplin, as she appeared at the "Hundred Years Ago" Ball. About this time, it may be interesting to remember, one of her husband's ancestors was instrumental in forging that Act of Union which Irishmen, not to mention the English Liberal party, are now finding so difficult to dissolve

One Claim to British Sympathies

THE RESEMBLANCE TO MR. CHAMBERLAIN OF THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE U.S. PRESIDENCY

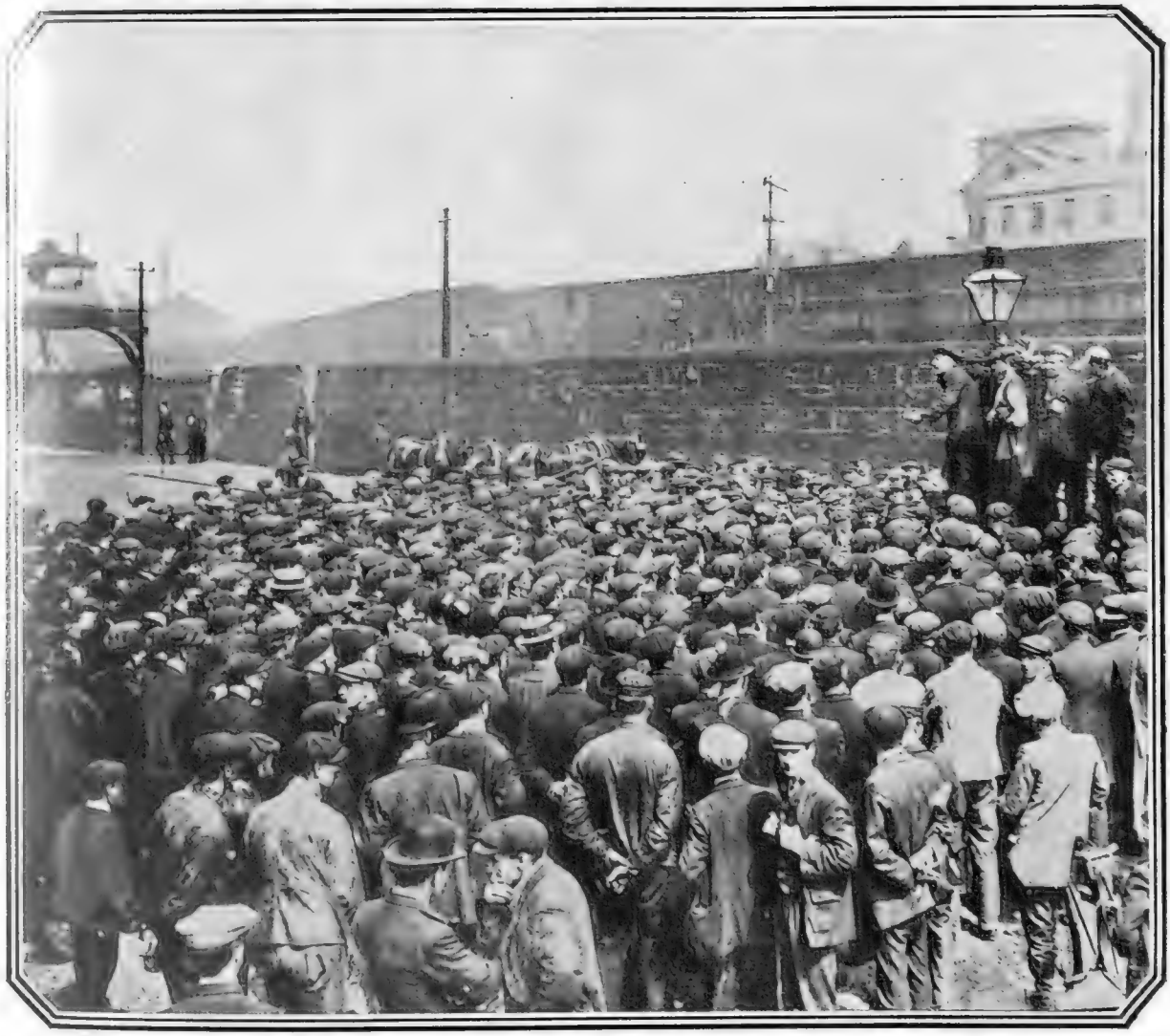
DR. WOODROW WILSON AT HOME, NEW JERSEY

We beg to add yet another to our gallery of strange likenesses in public characters—that of the Democratic candidate for the American Presidency, Dr. Woodrow Wilson, to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. For this reason, if for no other, British eyes will watch his struggles with a sentimental interest. Should Dr. Wilson succeed, however, he will not, being a Free Trader, display Chamberlain-like tendencies in his fiscal policy—for which we shall have reason to rejoice, anyway. (Inset photograph, Speaight)

Why Should We Excel at this Sort of Thing—

The Finish of the 200 Metres Sprint at Stockholm: 1, R. C. Craig (U.S.A.); 2, D. F. Lippincott (U.S.A.); 3, Y. R. Applegarth (Great Britain)

—When We are So Much Better at—



Liverpool Dockers on Strike because, like everybody else, they have been compelled to comply with the exactions of the Insurance Act

—This ?

"It Never Goes Upon the Sea"

A HOBBY THAT MUST NOT BE FORGOTTEN—SAND-YACHTING

Running the yacht along the sands at Scheveningen, Holland. The sand-yacht runs on wheels ashore, is driven by the wind (as shown), and steered by a rudder aft. It is everything that is nautical, save that—like the longshoreman—it never goes upon the sea

The Hobby Unconventional

EVERY now and again we are reminded (usually by the ubiquitous photographer) of that paradox of navigation, the land-yacht. This year it comes from Scheveningen. As a ship that attempts to sail ashore has to confine its cruises to flat and smooth spaces, naturally it is more or less confined to the sands round the coast and to places that have wide expanses, such as Selsey in Sussex, Cromer, and New Brighton. THE BYSTANDER has tried it himself—once—and came to the conclusion that, for other people, sand-yachting has much to recommend it. There was a time, in the early days of the invention, when it was thought that sand-yachts were the *beau ideal* means of locomotion for the desert. Since, however, we have been given the aeroplane, to fly seems to be the sole ambition of the mechanical-minded sportsman.

The Bystander in Berlin

A MIDSUMMER DAY'S DREAM

A Surprise in the Grünewald

YESTERDAY the Berlin Bystander took a walk. He tramped the Grünewald, crossed the emerald Havel, and returned *via* Spandau Town Forest. He will long remember his Midsummer Day's Dream. From a clearing in the dark pine wood he heard uproarious laughter, and immediately afterwards there flashed on his astonished eyes eight twinkling bare legs of humans in dance. They twinkled like stars—like music-hall stars. Above the twinkling legs twinkled four bodies, and above the twinkling bodies twinkled four heads. Neither legs nor bodies nor heads paid the least attention to the forlorn Berlin Bystander; but he paid attention to them. It was his first vision of Berlin's bucolic citizens leading the newly invented, exiguous bathing-dress life.

Not Bathers, But—

ALL four were in bathing-dress. Not in the *modish*, dressy dress of Dinard, or the not-meant-for-swimming respectable dress of Swanage; but tight pink *tricot*, or *maillot*, or whatever you call it. And all this in a pine-forest a mile from the nearest bathing-water, and in sight of a public road. The twinklers, however, were not bathers. They were members of a *Zeltkolonie*, a Tent-Colony; and they were having a dance.

—Tent Colonists

A TENT COLONY, says the accurate *Tageblatt*, is formed by "enthusiastic friends of body culture." The four twinklers—three youthful maids and an unattractive gentleman—were certainly enthusiastic. Sometimes these Tent Colonies are pitched near a lake; and then bathing plays a considerable, though a secondary, rôle; but more often there is no lake, and you merely bathe in the intoxicating air. The main point is the costume. You wear the costume all

Wolves in Sheep's Clothing? A German-Dutch Masquerade

day long, and—for all the Berlin Bystander knows—all night long. You live, eat, sit, sprawl, lie, dance, joke, quarrel and kiss in bathing costume; and it is in bathing costume that you make sentimental walks through the forest and climb trees for nuts.

An Elysian Life

A Tent Colony costs nothing. All you want is tent, cooking utensils, sausages, tobacco, and face-powder. Naturally ladies consume much powder when, as the child remarked of her unclothed sister, they are "now nearly all face"; when all but, say, two square feet of them is exposed to sun, rain, and gnats; and when two square feet are also exposed. It is an Elysian life, and reminds you of the idealised Germania of Tacitus, when blue-eyed, red-nosed giants roamed through trackless forests, heroic, naked, and chaste.

GERMAN STUDENTS MASQUERADE AS DUTCHMEN

Our photograph illustrates an old Dutch Festival recently held on the Starnburg Lake, near Munich, by German art students. This success on the part of Germans assuming the Dutch disguise inspires us with uneasy forebodings. How many others are doing it now, in the neighbourhood of the Flushing fortifications?

More Bathers

Later the Berlin Bystander came across more persons in bathing-dress. They sat on the grass, eating sandwiches, and being eaten by ants. Think of it: fourteen humans of all ages and shapes—a middle-aged stout lady, two round, rosy, reposeful gentlemen, three twinkling *demoiselles*, and numerous children. All in bathing-costume. The children of various ages, dark, fair, clean, dirty, squabbling, kissing, munching one another's sausages. And two of them with spiked *Pickelhaubes* and swords. "Trying to look still more like Tacitus's martial Teutones," thought the Berlin Bystander.

For Hyde Park?

The Berlin Bystander returned home depressed. Why hadn't he, he asked, a figure for a Tent Colony? Not that the standard of beauty is Praxitilean. Why, asked the Berlin Bystander, not start a Tent Colony in Hyde Park, and have Church Parade and all other functions in bathing-dress? It would ruin, true, the dress-making business; but it would please the sun who likes to look on goodly-made forms, and the gnats who like to eat them. At present British gnats are worse nourished than Germans. That may be Free Trade, but it is not Fair Trade, and it is not Equality of Opportunity.

The Week's Afterthought.—Another advantage is that the Suffragettes couldn't seize you by the sleeve.

DUTCH NATIONAL DANCES DANCED BY GERMANS IN MUNICH

THE LITTLE TOTS IN THEIR SAND DOMAIN AT LUNA, CONEY ISLAND

Bathing: Some Dry Observations

ONE of the most significant and encouraging signs of the times is the manner in which the English middle-classes are beginning to throw off that false prudery which hung like a pall over mid-Victorian England. Such photographs as those reproduced opposite, of young men and women enjoying themselves rationally at Margate during the terribly hot weather which nearly stifled everybody in London, would have been quite unthinkable twenty years ago. Indeed, the question of mixed bathing which now perturbs the minds only of Nonconformist ministers and prurient municipal councillors, seems to us of the twentieth century so silly as not to be worth discussing at all. Moreover, only in thoroughly old-fashioned communities like the United States of America do people now think it necessary entirely to cover up their bodies for fear of getting too wet. Perhaps it is the excessive imbibing of ice-water that makes this curious

THE SUMMER AFTERNOON THRONG IN LUNA, CONEY ISLAND

Coney Island is to New York what Blackpool is reputed to be to Liverpool and Manchester—only far worse! There are "Joy-Wheels," (no "Joy-Days," however, as yet), Wiggle-Woggles, Scenic Railways, all the various devices to upset the digestion in fact, but the sea seems to be kept as much in the background as possible, qu te like Southend, except that that enterprising locality has done its best to remedy natural deficiencies by building a pier a mile long, while Coney Island suffers more from the bad taste of man than of nature. See Bishop Keble on another island, equally unfortunate, but probably more agreeable

Bathing—Considered at Margate

BATHERS AT MARGATE

During the heat-wave we have been looking at the photographs of these sensible people with an envy that, we fear, amounts to an infringement of the tenth commandment. Why, asks a contributor on the following page, is there not a single place in London where it is possible to go and do likewise?

More About Bathing (Why Not in London?)

race so prudish. One is naturally ashamed of showing any part of a body very much the worse for wear—and anybody who likes a study in contrasts may compare the perspiring, over-dressed, crowds at Coney Island with the healthy, natural *sans-gêne* of our friends at Margate.

Of course, Coney Island is not all America, but I gather that in the matter of costume there is nothing to chose between it and the smallest seaside place. Stockings, shoes, a voluminous bathing-dress which not even Burgess could swim in—and, as often as not, stays, of all things in the world!—are *de rigueur* for every woman, while men scarcely fare any better. This is emphatically one of the customs in which we have done well to imitate our "natural enemies" in the Fatherland rather than our "cousins" across the Herring-Pond. For, after all, there is quite a serious side to the whole question. We can't afford to let the Germans have a monopoly of all the sun and air. Otherwise when the great day comes, of which we hear so much, where will our physique be in comparison with theirs? In this matter, happily, there is a "place in the sun" for everybody.

When the hot weather arrives in London for the season—as it nearly always does sooner or later—and one has searched in vain for anywhere to eat or even to drink out of doors, somebody usually suggests a bathe. And then, unless one happens to be a member of the Bath or Automobile Clubs, comes the inevitable question of when, where, and how. There are the various public baths, of course, excellent in their own way, but hardly ideal on a hot sunny afternoon when the thermometer registers ninety in the shade—very often without the shade. On such an afternoon one shrinks from sheltering under a roof whether of tiles, corrugated iron, or merely glass, which shows a regrettable tendency to prove the heat-conducting qualities of those various substances. Then it usually occurs to some bright intellect that it is quite a remarkable fact that London is the only city in the world totally unprovided with open-air baths—for really the Serpentine hardly counts, being hopelessly overcrowded in any case and much too exposed to the public gaze to rank as a proper bathing establishment.

Seriously, the defect is a public scandal. If Paris can use the Seine to bathe in, why in the name of fortune cannot we use the Thames? A system of coarse filterage, quite simple and inexpensive, would enable dozens of baths to be started all along the Embankment. And why, just outside the city are there none of the air and sun baths which have become such a splendid feature of German and Swiss life? The supply of water needed for such establishments is infinitesimal—any small stream will do—for the important factors are the sun and the air, just as cleansing and refreshing as water and far more valuable from the point of view of health. It is just these tiny details, which seem so unimportant to the people who are always trying to think of new and unpopular ways of spending public money, that cause English towns—and particularly London—to compare so unfavourably with places on the Continent.

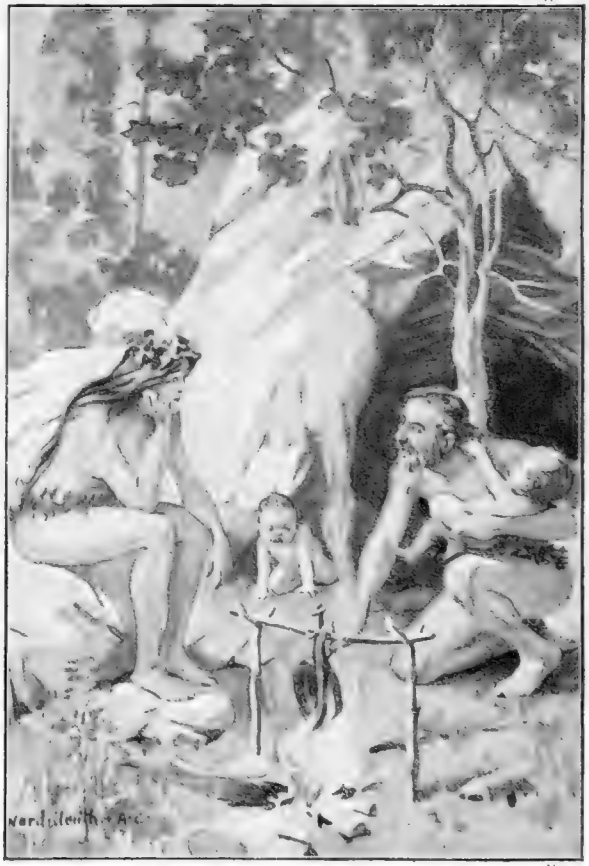
WHAT OUR NAVY IS DOING IN AVIATION. BY E. G. O. BEUTTLER

Humours from "Life"

"I wish you'd make a face at her, Tillie, I've done the best I can"

STOCK REPORT
Exchange was steady, after advance in July wheat

"Is this seat engaged?"



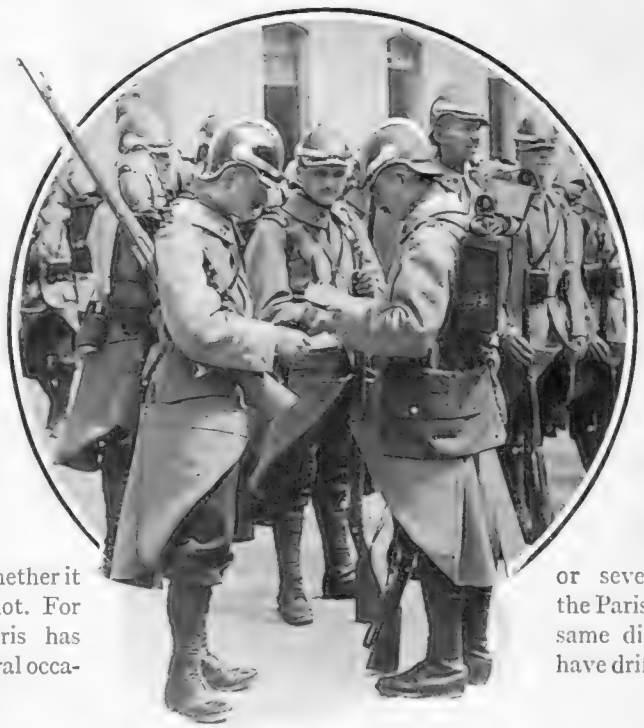
"I don't know what we're going to do, Adam, I've hunted everywhere, and I can't get a servant for love or money"

The Bystander in PARIS

ON THEATRICAL CRITICISM

Theatrical Problems

"YOU who go to all the theatres," said the voice over the telephone, "can tell me whether it is a good play. It was at this moment that the telephone girl cut off the communication. Telephone girls have their uses. But I didn't get out of my difficulty after all. My friend came up my four flights on purpose to be told about the play. Somebody had given him free tickets for a couple of stalls (very few French people go to the theatre unless somebody does), and as the weather was hot, he wanted to know whether it was worth while shutting himself up in a theatre and spending a lot of money on supper afterwards. I set his mind at rest about the supper, and accepted his reluctant invitation. With regard to the theatre I produced criticisms cut from one or two leading Paris newspapers, and my friend was very rude indeed. He said that he did not want to read a regulation puff about the play; he wanted to know whether it was worth going to see or not. For theatrical criticism in Paris has fallen on evil days. On several occasions lately when a lover of the theatre has fallen foul of a play in the Press, he has found himself forced to fight the fight with the business manager of his newspaper, and has afterwards had to appear as defendant in the law courts, where the theatrical manager proves that his is a commercial undertaking and that the critic has done him grievous financial harm. Of course, the critic's lawyers put up the plea of fair criticism in court, but nobody has ever given a satisfactory definition of fair criticism yet, and I don't suppose anybody ever will. The points of view are so different. The man who writes a play and the man who produces it think it is good or it would never have been written and produced. Therefore they find it hard to accept anything which is said against it as fair criticism. The result of these actions is "*la pommade réglementaire*."



ONE OF THE NEW FRENCH UNIFORMS

Our photograph shows a French regiment of the line in the new uniform designed by M. Détaille. While congratulating the well-known artist, not to mention the French Government, on the abolition of the familiar baggy trousers and the recognition of picturesqueness as a real asset to an army, we are doubtful about the casque. It looks hot—but perhaps its resemblance to a fireman's helmet prejudices us in this respect

Regulation Pomade

THE Paris music-hall managers took the rudder into their own hands some time ago and pulled it hard abaft to "Set fair. Very dry." There is possibly something a little mixed in this metaphor, but I am sure you keep your British Encyclopædia in a shady corner, and anything should be an excuse to get out of the sun this weather. The Paris music-hall managers avoid trouble with the critics nowadays by writing their own notices. They keep a gentleman on the premises who is known as Mr. the Secretary of the Direction, or Mr. the Secretary General. It is his duty to send out the polite words "*Impossible—mille regrets*," or the pleasanter words, "*Deux fauteuils*," scrawled across your application for free seats. I don't know why stationery should be so scarce in Paris, but quantities of people apparently object to using their own letter paper. Mr. the Secretary's other duties, besides looking nice and dressy in front of the house, are to write little notes to the papers two or three times a week saying what a magnificent show the show is, how much better it is than any other show, how full the house is, and giving more or less imaginary figures of the nightly receipts. Then the public is attracted or not as the case may be. The appearance of these notices is paid for in the papers at so much a line, and they may contain anything Mr. the General Secretary cares to say, and when you have read one or two of them you feel as though you had been eating too many fondants or seven *éclairs*. Unfortunately the Paris theatres are drifting in the same direction as the music-halls have drifted. The managements do not as yet write their own notices, but there is a terrible row whenever a critic dislikes a play, and the result is that nobody believes what any paper says about a play in Paris now, no matter how distinguished may be the name which signs the article. The regulation pomade has become a habit, and as the Old Curiosity Shop man says in the *Pink Lady*, the worst of it is they like it.

Holiday Criticism

BUT there was trenchant criticism in several of the Paris theatres on the sweltering 14th of July through which we have just lived. You know, of course, that the Parisians took the Bastille on the 14th of July some years ago, and that they have taken a holiday on that date ever since. The Government, to help them to show what jolly dogs they are, throws a large number of theatres open to the *enfants de la patrie* on July 14 without the formality of paying. This year, though all the seats were free, some of them in several of the theatres were empty. And here you have criticism which even a Paris theatrical manager is obliged to accept. He cannot summons the public for not coming, can he?

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

A Summer Dance

The photographs are of Mlle. Speranza, who is well-known in Paris as an interpreter of "classical" dances. Since she appears to be an amateur, and to dance out-of-doors, we are able to congratulate her on doing the right thing in the right place—for once

Popularising the Classics

Photograph *Bert*

Bœotian Youths and Maidens Dancing Before the Goddess in "Narcisse," the latest production of the Russian Ballet at Covent Garden

A CONTINUATION CLASS AT COVENT GARDEN

The Best Margarine

Just as the Russian Ballet have contrived, unconsciously, no doubt, to create quite a respectable enthusiasm for our political *entente* with Russia, so now they have been turning their attention to the encouragement of classical education in a country which, as a whole, refuses to appreciate its advantages. *Narcisse*, for instance, will probably send quite a lot of people back to Lemprière and the Greek Anthology with a new enthusiasm. For *Narcisse*, all things said and done, is one of the most attractive ballets that has yet delighted us at Covent Garden. For instance, the wonderful *ensemble*-dances at the beginning with the wild creatures of the wood gambolling about the stage in the most enchanting manner, the choric dance of the Bœotian youths and maidens in honour of the goddess, the love-dance of Echo and Narcissus, all these combine to produce as pretty a spectacle as can well be imagined. M. Tcherepnin's music, too, has moments of real inspiration; for instance, the number with *bouche fermée* accompaniment on the stage, is one of the most effective things heard at Covent Garden this year. Unfortunately, the end of the ballet is hardly as good as the rest. It is rather drawn-out in any case, and somehow Nijinski, with or without his Narcissus-halo, quite failed to move or interest me, while Karsavina, being merely his Echo, could hardly be expected to do any better than the original. Again, M. Tcherepnin's music showed its invariable cleverness and great technical resource, but this time the essential inspiration was lacking. The whole of the last scene reminded me of the best margarine masquerading as the best butter—true, with rather more verisimilitude than might have been expected, but never with entire success. And as the last scene was planned as the climax of the whole, it would, I think, be fair to say that *Narcisse* is a poor ballet, but a very good *divertissement*.

A Score

To me the interesting point about the production as a whole is that it is the first barefoot "classical" ballet that the Russians have shown us. And it proves, if, indeed, proof were needed, that when it comes to "classical" dancing they, or, indeed, any intelligent dancers, can beat the "classical dancers" at their own game. When will "emotional," "inspirational," and all the other adjectival dancers learn that they require not less, but more, technique than the *prima ballerina* to do justice to their sometimes tolerable ideas?

Pavlova's New Ballet

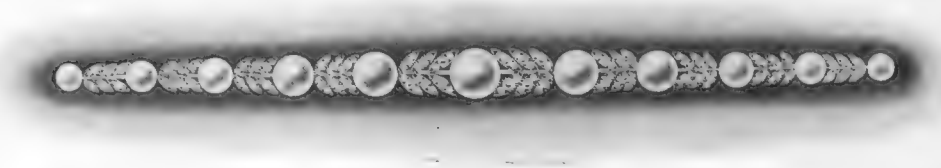
What on earth is happening to Pavlova? With the remembrance of the great pleasure she has given us all in the past I ask the question more in sorrow than in anger. But really *La Fille Mal Gardée* is about "the limit." Of course, Pavlova herself does one or two charming things—how could she help it?—notably the dance at the beginning of the second act and the scene with her lover on the trusses of hay. But the whole thing might and ought to have been put into one act. Any good points that there were were confined to the second act; the first was both unnecessary and dull. Secondly, it was never clear whether *La Fille Mal Gardée*—I had nearly written *mal élevée*—was intended to be a mime-play or a ballet, and, anyhow, there was not nearly enough dancing. The composer of the music interested me especially. I know nothing about him; he may be still alive or he may have been dead for years, but it is remarkable to hear music produced in London in 1912 which strives so strenuously and so successfully to sound like Auber, Donizetti, or Bellini—and, in its most ambitious flights, Verdi before *Aïda!* Mr. Hermann Finck's music to the bioscope sounded not merely delightful but positively Straussian in comparison.

FRANCIS TOYE.

Making "Gipsy Love" Run Smooth

Photograph *Rita Martin*

A recent photograph of Miss Gertie Millar, the chief idol of musical comedy, who plays the part of Lady Babby in Mr. George Edwardes' production of "Gipsy Love" at Daly's Theatre



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NEW MODELS
IN JEWELLERY
SEEN AT *TECLA'S.*

Soirée dans Grenade

A SPANISH NOCTURNE BY NORMAN MORROW

AFTER THE

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY AT BLYTHBURG

H, SUFFOLK, BY HORACE W. NICHOLLS

IN A NEAR COUNTRY

By ALPHONSE COURLANDER

THE *Königs Palast*, as we call it, is not really a palace. The red-cheeked *Kinder* who are brought by their prim nurses to see the sentries in their painted *Schilderhaüser* are very disappointed because it is not at all like those palaces in fairy-tales where the kings offer their daughters and half their kingdoms to anyone brave enough to rid the country of its dragons.

But we older people are not so critical. There is something romantic for us in the grey, low-built building set in its little domain of green park land, where the grass is neatly trimmed, and the borders are red with tulip, fuschia, and geranium, according to the season.

You might travel through all the kingdoms of Europe and never find—no, not even in any of the South German States, where they do these things remarkably well—such a homely little park as the one where our *Königs Palast* stands behind the white marble *Denkmal*, which is so pretty on a spring day when the gilded monument glitters with the sun.

If there is any sort of breeze, the gay yellow and scarlet standard floats against the blue sky and the plumes on the helmets of the cavalry flutter and nod as the horses come down to the *Palast*.

That is one of the sights we like best. Many of us get up early and take a stroll in the park on our way to work, so that we may see the *Soldaten* and hear the music of drum and fife.

It is all very merry from about half-past ten in the morning. The nurse-maids push their perambulators along more quickly, so that they shall miss nothing, and they look very charming in their quaint little bonnets, with starched white streamers waving behind them in the wind on a spring morning.

When all the trees are green and the birds make a great to-do in the trees you feel ten years younger at beginning the day in the country, as it were, for outside the Palace of the King you are so far away from the noise of the town itself that you hear nothing of it.

The red sentries stand shouldering their rifles and marching to and fro, from gate to gate, very splendidly. The children are fond of the sentries because they are just like the soldiers they play with at home, they are so red and bright.

Presently from the smaller Palace—we have two palaces, one just round the corner, but I will tell you more about that later—you hear the sound of music and all the fine carriages and motor-cars pull up to let the band march by.

It is a great moment when the drum-major comes in sight, twirling his tall knobbed staff as if it were nothing; trumpets and drums make merry music that sets the feet marching to the proper step.

It makes you pull yourself together and puff out your chest, and hold your head erect, just as if you were a soldier yourself. And you feel as if you could march for ever behind the band.

They come down between the avenue of trees that line the broad roadway, and the children clap their hands in happiness, and we take off our hats to the flag of the regiment as it goes proudly by.

Then the sentries salute, and the band goes right in through the gateway of the *Königs Palast*, and plays jolly music in the courtyard. Sometimes you can see people at the windows of the palace, but they are too far away for you to know who they are. The nurse-maids tell the children that it is the King, and they talk about nothing else for the rest of the day.

The fun lasts for quite a long time. Very often there are two bands, and all the soldiers wear large furry hats something like a lady's muff. There have been days when we have seen the *Königs Cavallerie* ride down, with the trumpeters on splendid horses like the heralds of old, and drummers on horseback, with their drums hanging like panniers on each side of the horse.

When the band has finished playing it marches out with the *Parade-schritt*, slowly and majestically, with long, deliberate steps. Then it plays a march to the *Jakobs-Palast*, which is a few hundred yards away.

Sometimes we wish our King lived in this Palace, for it is more like a Palace than the other one. It has terraces and courtyard, and a square clock-tower, with golden hands pointing to the golden figures on its blue dial.

The town sparrows have made their nests in the ivy that creeps round the brown building up to the castellated walls. The sentries are here too, marching backwards and forwards.

If you come out by the Palace at eleven o'clock you can see a splendid sight, for that is the time when the soldiers go to the barracks, over the way, to change the guard. They wear silver breastplates and helmets, which seem all on fire as the sun strikes them.

The horsemen have silver trumpets, and they play a fanfare on them when they come to the wide place outside the barracks . . . the whole of our park is alive with glitter and movement.

We are all free to come and go as we choose. Our King is not at all selfish, as many gentlemen are who have fine parks in front of their mansions; all the people of the town may come and play in his park.

There is a lake there, too, and the young people who have been working in their offices during the day can row about all the evening. There are even seats for the lovers where they may sit when the town is still, and see the moon white on the waters of the lake, and look across the wooden bridge where the spires and domes of the town seem like the minarets and cupolas of a far away Eastern land.

I have not told you where our Park is. It is not so far away as you would think, for if you jump off the 'bus at Trafalgar Square and walk through the Admiralty Arch you will come upon it at the end of the Mall, just as I have described it.

The *Königs Palast* is merely Buckingham Palace, and those brilliant bands are our own Life Guards and Coldstreams, who make St. James's Park as merry in the morning as any of those cities that you travel miles across the Continent to see.

Sunset at the Mont St. Michel

Photograph *Marcel N. Boulestin*

Probably the first published photograph taken at the Mont St. Michel, in which the famous mount makes no appearance. It shows the expanse of wet sand stretching seawards, as seen from the terrace of the Abbaye

A Chesterton Calendar

JANUARY

THE object of a New Year is not that we should have a new year; it is that it should bring something new to us—wrote, more or less, Mr. Chesterton. And the year 1911 brought him what neither "The Napoleon of Notting Hill" nor his Essays had brought him—real glory in the form of a "Chesterton Calendar." For nowadays to have a calendar made up of quotations from your own works is to have attained real glory, if you are still alive.

FEBRUARY

Dates are very unimportant, and it is of no special interest to know that Mr. G. K. Chesterton was born in the year 1874. It is far more important to learn that he intended to be an artist and that he behaved as such till 1891, when, poisoned by literature of the most romantic kind, he remained undecided as to what to do, till, in 1900, he made up his mind to be a journalist. He has been one ever since, and has tried his hand at everything, from fugitive verse to the discussion of ethics and religion.

MARCH

Had Mr. Chesterton gone on with drawing he might have become a John Collier; had he continued to write detective stories he might have become a Conan Doyle; had he remained a Socialist, he might have been a regular contributor to *The New Age*; had he been a teetotaler and a vegetarian, he might have had his meals *chez* Eustace Miles. But he has preferred to remain plain Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

APRIL

It is only by changing our views that we can preserve our personality and remain ourselves. Mr. Chesterton who was thin in his school days, has thought it wise to put on flesh; the institutions he attacked in "The Wild Knight" he respects in "The Defendant"; Liberal and Socialist for a time, he is once more a Liberal. He knows the value of the French proverb, *l'homme absurde est celui qui ne change jamais*. At present he is a man who prefers cities to Nature, who does not understand Ibsen, who disapproves of Kipling, and who thinks women unfitted for politics.

MAY

Only three people have had really a considerable influence on Mr. G. K. Chesterton: Walt Whitman, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, and Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

JUNE

When Mr. Chesterton read "Leaves of Grass" he suddenly saw a great light, and he sat himself to proclaim "the whole divine democracy of things." As far as we can judge from the widely different views expressed in his different works, his ideal state would be one in which man would cultivate their own land, own their houses, and sing, in dubious but wholehearted unison, a patriotic anthem, a Bacchic chant, and a Christian hymn.

JULY

Mr. Hilaire Belloc is really responsible for Mr. Chesterton having become an orthodox Christian. His later works afford ample proof of his faith in the orthodox system of Christian dogma, which he stated once for all at the time of the celebrated controversy with Mr. Blatchford and the *Clarion*. Mr. Chesterton believes, because he perceives Life to be logical and workable with these beliefs and not without them.

AUGUST

In fact, Mr. Chesterton is now as near the Catholic religion as any Anglican can be. Once Father Bernard Vaughan thought it would be a great thing to convert him, and he approached a mutual friend on the subject. A luncheon was given—a remarkably good luncheon—at which Father Vaughan and Mr. Chesterton met. But after the first course, the Mayfair preacher forgot all about the conversion and they both proceeded to tell one another funny stories.

SEPTEMBER

It is as a writer that Mr. Chesterton shows most how influenced he is by his own personality: all his works—poems, novels, essays—are but a medium for expressing his own ideas. No doubt he is carried away; or, perhaps he does not even try to write something connected with the main idea of his works: his essay on Byron, for instance, is only an excuse for writing about Pessimism and Optimism; indeed, his books are full of digressions, sometimes entirely irrelevant to the subject, but probably very interesting to himself.

OCTOBER

Of course, everyone knows that defects are ever so much more typical and interesting than qualities. That is why there is so much to admire in Mr. Chesterton's works. The weakness of some of his epigrams is delightfully pathetic, while there is sometimes so much truth in his paradoxes that one begins to doubt if they are paradoxes at all. He lays down the law with most picturesque brilliancy. As for his inconsistency, one cannot help liking it; it is so refreshing to make the acquaintance of an inconsistent logician. For, being primarily a propagandist with a message to his own time, he proves not that his ideas are right, but that he believes and wants them to be.

NOVEMBER

Rumour has it that Mr. Chesterton is fond of drinking and that he despises people "who regard wine as a drug and not as a drink." His huge form, "half of which is usually out of the range of vision" (Bernard Shaw *dixit*) is well-known in certain wine-bars of Fleet Street. The story goes that a reporter once sought Mr. Chesterton in one of these taverns, looked everywhere, and could not see him. He had, in fact, "overlooked" him. But probably this is only a local legend.

DECEMBER

Mr. Chesterton is, primarily, a hopeless Romantic, and he has always been faithful to his taste for romantic authors, romantic clothes, and romantic ideals. He has a sword-stick and carries a revolver to go about Fleet Street. And for a man who laughs scornfully at our "motor-car civilisation," he is very fond of taxicabs. He would take one to cross a street.

Still, "all things considered," Mr. Chesterton is more than a "tremendous trifle." And, to quote his own words about somebody else, "the man who cannot appreciate him goes along with the man who cannot appreciate beef or claret, or a game with children, or a brass band."

MEN WHO MATTER. *By "MAX"*

NO. XII.—MR. G. K. CHESTERTON

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

AT THE PLAYHOUSE

"Hindle Wakes"

THIS is the tale of a Lancashire lass, and it is mostly narrated in the dialect of "they parts." Fanny Hawthorn is the daughter of a mill-hand, and she has gone to Blackpool for a brief holiday. In proof of the fact that she is in Blackpool and nowhere else her parents receive from her a picture-postcard representing some of the Blackpool marvels; and if that is not evidence, what is? Unfortunately Mr. Hawthorn, having to visit Blackpool, discovers that his daughter has gone from that salubrious spot without leaving her address. When she finally returns home, declaring that she has been at Blackpool all the while, her parents cross-examine her fiercely; and under the ordeal she breaks down and confesses that she has spent the week-end at Llandudno with young Alan Jeffcote. The tragedy is narrated quite as baldly as that, if not more so; but fierce as its realism is, it is always well within the bounds of artistic restraint. The scene, too, is remarkable for the excellence of the acting of the three characters concerned. Miss Edyth Goodall as the erring Fanny gained our sympathies at once by a display of grief that was quite unusually thorough. Miss Ada King, represented most admirably the stern calculating mother, who, having exhausted all her terms of reprobation, begins to wonder whether, after all, young Alan may not be compelled now to marry the girl; and as he is an undoubtedly eligible party, Fanny's lapse may prove to have been a good stroke of business after all!

Alan's father, Nathaniel Jeffcote, boasts that he is one of the richest men in Hindle. He and Mr. Hawthorn began life together as mill-hands; but whereas Hawthorn leaves off where he began, Jeffcote, by a prudent investment, has become a mill-owner on a large scale. Still,

the two men have always remained friends, and when Hawthorn goes with his tale of woe, Jeffcote declares that he will see that the right thing is done, though the doing of it should involve the sacrifice of his life's ambition. It is perfectly clear that Alan must marry Fanny in spite of the social difference that time has created between the two families. Jeffcote is rich enough to be able to settle the matter with a cash-down payment; but he is a man of high principle who has always tried to do the right—I beg pardon, I should say the "reet"—thing. It is true that Alan is engaged to Beatrice, the daughter of another prosperous mill-owner; but that engagement will now have to be broken off. Mrs. Jeffcote, Alan's mother, is naturally enough, quite shocked when she hears the dreadful news. She cannot understand whence her boy could have inherited such sinful tendencies; and Mr. Jeffcote, in his dry harsh way, suggests that the boy probably got them from Adam, who, as is well known, was expelled from Eden for a fault of much the same kind. Another of Mrs. Jeffcote's grievances is that the offence should have occurred, of all places in the world, at Llandudno—a spot she is fond of visiting herself! She says she will hardly be able to bring herself to go to Llandudno again. But if all the seaside resorts at home and abroad, at which such irregularities occur, were closed to respectable people most of us would have to stay in London the year round. And (I speak only from hearsay, of course) I am not sure then that we should make a very much better bargain.

The strange feature in this play is the manner in which the offence on both sides, consistently reprobated by the fathers, is ultimately condoned by the mothers. Mrs. Hawthorn justifies her daughter's lapse as a means to a desirable end; and Mrs. Jeffcote, after the first shock is over, declines to admit that Alan has done anything that need interfere with his impending marriage with Beatrice. Mr. Jeffcote, however, is adamant on the question. Either Alan marries Fanny or the Jeffcote mills will be left to a distant member of the family. We are then

introduced to Sir Timothy Farrar, a plain man of business, who, it is alleged, bought his knighthood

cause it would prove a d investment for commercial purposes. While Jeffcote is in the drawing-room confiding the distressing secret to Sir Timothy's daughter, Beatrice, Jeffcote, in t dining-room, solemnly ks the news to the gallant ght himself. He begins by ing that there is a scandal Hindle. An unmarried ple have been spending the k-end together under irregular conditions. Sir Timothy's reception of the news is quite gloriously human. He jumps up from his chair

and wants to know who has been giving him away! His relief on hearing that he is not the delinquent in question is as distinctly refreshing as his naïvely inadvertent admission of his guilt. One is reminded of the incident of the crowded village inn in Wales, when, it is alleged, some humorist put his head inside the door and shouted: "Jones, your wife is coming down the street after you!" And every man in the bar was outside in two seconds.

In spite of all opposition old Jeffcote has his way. Alan is to be compelled to marry Fanny. His *fiancée*, Beatrice, tells him that in spite of her love for him she will not stand in Fanny's light; and that it is his duty to make the girl an honest woman. The road seems, therefore, quite clear. At the last moment, however, an unexpected difficulty crops up. The two families are

arranging the matter nicely, and are just discussing whether the ceremony shall take place at church or before the registrar, when Fanny rises to lay her views before the meeting. In a few well-chosen words she asks where she comes in. It seems to her that she has some sort of right to be consulted as to the choice of a husband for herself, and she desires to announce that she does not regard Alan Jeffcote as a fit and proper man for that honour. This quite unexpected *dénouement* and the reasons advanced for it are more amazing still. Fanny argues that because a girl likes a man well enough for an occasional outing it does not follow that she considers him a person to whom she would be willing to be tied for life. And if a man may have a passing and evanescent fancy for a girl—even to the extent of a week-end at Llandudno—why may not a girl be similarly independent? The answer

to this question is of too technical and scientific a nature to be discussed here; and I shall, therefore, not weary the reader with it. Besides, the Editor would jolly well see that I did not do so; I am perfectly certain of that. The play ends at this point. It may, for all I know, be an argument in favour of the economic independence of woman—since Fanny declares that she earns enough to keep herself, and, therefore, claims the right to

choose her hobbies as she pleases. And if not, why not? JINGLE

The PLACE and Its PASTIMES

No 7. Ipswich

By Leonard Willoughby

TENNIS AT IPSWICH DURING THE TOURNAMENT

Photograph Norman

THE MAYOR OF IPSWICH

Mr. F. E. Rands

THE pastimes of the 70,000 inhabitants of Ipswich may be said to cover almost all of those known to Englishmen. The town is singularly well-situated in this respect, as it has a magnificent reach of river as far as the seaboard at Felixstowe; there is the remarkably fine golf course at Rushmere, some two miles from the centre of the town; there are packs of stag and foxhounds, and beagles, which afford plenty of sport most days in the week in winter; while cricket, tennis, croquet, bowls, cross-country running, swimming, hockey, cycling, and miniature rifle ranges all afford amusement for leisure hours. Each of these has a certain number of votaries. Those who take active part can give good account of their performances, especially such sportsmen as Mr. W. P. Burton, the best amateur yachtsman and greatest authority on yachting in England. This gentleman is also Master of the staghounds, which bear his name, and, in addition, Joint-Master with Mr. Pretty of the Essex and Suffolk Foxhounds. There are two good clubs, the Royal Harwich and Orwell Corinthian, which represent the sailing interests of Ipswich and locality on the magnificent river. One regatta is held at Harwich in June, when all the big class boats are present, while the old Corinthian supplies weekly races for smaller class boats. The leading rowing club is the Naiad, which has been in existence for over thirty-five years. Last year the Naiad created a record, winning the Championship of Norfolk and Suffolk, and also the Sculling Championship of the Yare. Much credit is due to the officers and to Mr. E. J. King, who has been hon. secretary for twelve years. Golf is very popular, and the Rushmere course of eighteen holes is on undulating ground, which is much covered with gorse. The greens are good, and it is fairly well bunkered, the ninth and eleventh holes being interesting, while the eleventh and seventeenth (the Punch Bowl) are very picturesque greens, and the Pond Hole quite a sporting one. There is a nice club-house and a large membership. The hon. secretary is Mr. E. Paddison. Tennis is fairly well supported, and a tournament is held annually, which is worked well financially and otherwise, thanks to the energies of the hon. secretary, Major Stuart, and Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Pretty. Cricket is popular to a certain extent, and the Ipswich ground, if not exactly picturesque, is a good one. The Ipswich

WATER POLO IN THE OPEN-AIR BATH

Swimming appeals to a large number of Ipswich townsmen. The Club devoted to this sport leases the bath, which is 100 yds. by 60 yds., from the Corporation. Under the leadership of Mr. L. R. Freeman, the captain, much good work has been done

Sports That are Popular in Ipswich

Photograph] MEMBERS OF IPSWICH AND EAST SUFFOLK CRICKET CLUB [*A. R. Bixby*

The Club was founded in 1876, and has a fairly large membership. Matches are played regularly every Saturday throughout the season, and also in mid-week during July and August

CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING: SOME IPSWICH ATHLETES

Belonging to the Ipswich Burton's Athletic Club, which was successful in winning the Eastern Counties' Cross-Country Championship during the 1910-11 season

MR. W. P. BURTON'S STAGHOUNDS

Being walked out at Edgehill, Ipswich, the residence of the Master. The pack hunts a bank and ditch country around Ipswich twice weekly

Left to right: Mr. Paddison (Hon. Sec.), the Mayor of Ipswich (Mr. Rand), Dr. R. C. Standring-Smith, and Sir Daniel Ford Goddard, M.P. (Senior Member for Ipswich), putting

A FOURSOME ON RUSHMERE COMMON

Golf is a much favoured pastime. The Rushmere course of eighteen holes is on undulating ground. The greens are good and the course is well bunkered

Ipswich and Its Pastimes—concluded

MINIATURE RIFLE SHOOTING AT BROOM HILL

Is greatly patronised by clergy, police, Territorials, civilians, and Lads' Brigade. Many excellent scores are made here, as also at the other Ipswich range in the Felixtowe Road

and East Suffolk Cricket Club was founded in 1876. There is now a large number of playing members, and the best team is a very strong one. Swimming: Thanks to the Captain, Mr. L. R. Freeman, and to Mr. Frank Canham and Mr. Moffat, the hon. secretary, Ipswich possesses a thriving club. The baths, which are open-air, are 100 yards by 60 yards wide, with good dressing-boxes, diving platform, and high diving stage. Cross-country running is also popular, and every Wednesday and Saturday during the winter members turn out for training spins, moonlight paper-chases, handicap runs, and inter-team races. The Ipswich Burton's Athletic Club was founded in 1892 by Mr. W. H. Taylor, who has been hon. secretary ever since. The Club won the Eastern Counties Cross-Country Championship at Ipswich 1910-11, and were second

Photograph *E. I. King*

NAIAD ROWING CLUB, IPSWICH, SENIOR FOURS, 1911

Holders of the championships of Orwell, Stour, and Yare. By reason of its numerous successes, this club undoubtedly holds the leading place in East Anglia

Photograph] IPSWICH HOCKEY TEAM *[A. L. White*

INSET: S. F. Woollard, W. T. B. Block, L. H. Hempson. BACK ROW, STANDING (*left to right*): E. E. Corder (hon. treasurer), E. Robinson, K. W. Turner, E. B. Ryan, W. Goodchild, P. J. Quinton, E. Scott Catchpole. SITTING (*left to right*): Cyril Catchpole (vice-captain), R. B. Hughes (captain), H. Pretty (hon. secretary). ON GROUND (*left to right*): F. L. Nunn, J. D. Davis

1911-12. Football is popular with a certain set, especially with the "spectator," whose highest ideal of sport is to sit and look on. A croquet tournament is held, which is fairly well supported, while bowls is increasing in popularity. The Hockey club here may claim justly to be the pioneers of hockey in the neighbourhood, and they are fortunate in having a good ground. The club plays three matches on most Saturdays, and last season the first eleven were only beaten three times. Ipswich is a sporting place admirably adapted for sport, of which it is undoubtedly the centre in East Anglia.

NEXT WEEK'S ARTICLE WILL DEAL WITH
SHREWSBURY

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VIEW SHOWING A PORTION OF THE ESTATE WITH THE GOLF COURSE IN THE DISTANCE.

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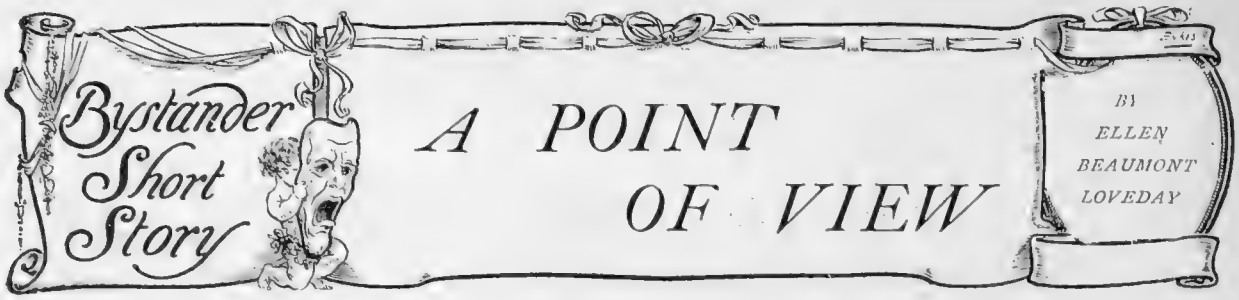

A POINT OF VIEW

BY ELLEN BEAUMONT LOVEDAY

THE crowded house rocked with boisterous laughter in response to the cheeky performance of the fetching little serio-comic. There was one exception, however: *he* sat in the stage-box looking the picture of concentrated, well-groomed tragedy.

The cause of the comedy and tragedy was dressed in tights—pink tights. There was a slight addition to this section of the costume, but by its significant insignificancy it evades description. The tights were the *pièce de résistance*, and fitted so perfectly as to seem a kind of mould into which the charming figure had been melted down and poured.

Ruby Rainbow had in her face all the sweetness of sugar that makes for prettiness—which is not the sweetness of heaven that realises beauty. It was a cloying loveliness; soft plump cheeks, curly blonde hair, daring blue, long-lashed eyes, and a mouth furnished by the gods for the dentifrice smile of the moment, which she indulged *ad nauseam*. Her manner left much to be desired by Society, into which she had had the audacity to step. She had planted a tiny pointed toe into its very midst with all the *diablerie* natural to her in the dance—she had just looked upon this Society step in the light of a fascinating new dance—and you can imagine how horrified Society was.

A large man stood at the back of the dress circle, watching Ruby through prominent eyes and an eye-glass. He laughed with the rest of the house, and from time to time looked curiously from the girl behind the footlights to the young man in the stage-box, who sat with his back almost turned to the stage, his handsome eyes cast down and his sulky face supported by his two hands. He did not laugh at any of the performer's witticisms, and his eyes went inky as the house responded with a roar to a final dose of patter which was of a decidedly strong flavour. When she had taken leave of her admirers by repeated hand-kissing and toe-kissing (which last she pointedly directed at the broad back of the sulky boy), Captain Kent turned with a swinging movement from his corseted waist to his padded shoulders, and made his way to the box where young Lord Farnham sat.

Kent was just home from India, where he had known Laurie Farnham as a sub. in the regiment.

The two men shook hands; the Captain with the cordiality of a man who has been only a few days at home. Laurie was not overjoyed to see him. Not that he disliked him—with the unreserve of youth he had always privately described him as "a rattling good chap, and ye gods! an awful affected ass"—but at the moment he did not want to see anyone.

"Damn'd funny, isn't she?" the boy said, bitingly, with an unsmiling face and a jerk of his Saxon head towards the stage.

"Oh, quite," acquiesced the Captain.

"These fools think her amusing, too," Laurie continued in scathing accents, with a murderous glance round the crowded house.

"Haw—quite," the Captain remarked, his assurance wavering, his grin becoming automatic.

Farnham turned his fierce eyes on the face of the man at his side, remarking viciously to himself: "Teddy Kent's profile is more than usually like an unblinkered horse—see if I don't make him shy."

"She's my wife," the boy exclaimed suddenly, in a loud voice. "Damn'd funny, isn't it?"

"Quite, quite," stammered Captain Kent, in horrified accents.

"My dear Ted, you haven't been back long enough to hear what a conspicuous ass I've made of myself. Oh, they'll all tell you fast enough! Our *ménage* in Berkeley Square is—was—a kind of bran-pie for Society, into which a dip surely produced something stimulating, if not exactly surprising. I was twenty-two 4th of last March, Ruby is twenty-three; we got married on my birthday. I was going to make Society receive her, don't you know, and all that sort of sweet simplicity. The mater took her up. *Ruby*, just fancy!"

"Quite?"

"Yes, she *quite* took her up and behaved no end decent, and in time things might have come right"—the boy paused in the middle of his hurried explanation as if struck by the feebleness of such a preposterous supposition.

"Yes, they might," he repeated doubtfully; "but Ruby was so impatient, and she was always making the most blazing rows, and after a month of—er—the blazing rows she went back to the stage, saying she'd see me blowed, and my family blowed, and all Society blowed before she'd sit about waiting for us to come to. Now you know all the joke—whimsical, eh, isn't it?"

The Captain, looking exceedingly perturbed, murmured in non-committal tones, "Oh, quite," and proffered a gem-studded cigarette-case with elaborate unconcern.

"These idiots roar with laughter at what is only half the joke. I can tell you it's something like humorous to sit here listening to your wife's music-hall funnyments when you're the other half."

"Quite," the Captain ejaculated with an unrestrainable guffaw.

. . . . . .

A link in the chain of circumstances took Major Edward Kent—some five years later—to the same music-hall, on the same evening when Lord Farnham chanced to be there also; and again Edward Kent was just home from India, this time for good, and he was necessarily out of touch with social events.

He was sitting in the stalls alone. His hair—superbly disciplined—disguised the fact that he was a

(Continued on page 196)

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BUCHANAN'S

Scotch Whisky

"BLACK & WHITE" BRAND

(Continued from page 194)

little balder; his attention to the pleasures of the table accounted for the fact that his eyes were much more prominent and his figure-adjuster ten inches more expansive: he was immaculate in evening dress, white gloves, and white gardenia. He read the programme without enthusiasm to the sixth item, then he looked as if he wasn't so badly bored, and as if he were going to say "quite," but he only smiled broadly and wondered if Ruby Rainbow were still waiting for Society to "come to."

During the first five turns Edward Kent's heavily moustached lips had only drawn in and emitted smoke. When the orchestra struck up for the sixth, he put down his cigar and sat forward, his mouth open in readiness.

And again the house rolled, and roared, and shrieked as Ruby Rainbow—a little plumper, a lot more daring in black tights, with a diamond garter—talked to it and tickled it, or danced to it and tickled it, or sang to it and tickled it, or merely gave it to understand *what she meant* and tickled it, almost to apoplexy.

In the act of throwing back his head for a final burst of mirth Major Kent's eyes rested with a fixed stare on a second tier-box on his right. Farnham, an exceptionally distinguished-looking blonde, and an elderly lady—obviously Americans—were its occupants, and Farnham was shaking with laughter.

The Major sought confirmation through his opera-glasses; long and critically he regarded the convulsed face and laughter-contorted figure of Laurie Farnham. "Laughing by all that's contradictory! Got used to being the loose end of the joke," the Major thought as he applauded with condescending vigour.

Kent always thought a lot more than he *said*. For some few minutes after Ruby had taken her irrevocable departure his eyes rested on Farnham and the elegant girl with the alert, fine-featured face. Then the men exchanged nods.

"There's old 'Vocabulary,'" Laurie exclaimed. "I'll fetch him; he's rather sport. Oh, we dubbed him 'Vocabulary' in 'Ours' because of the ingenious terseness of the conversation that either his colossal affectation or a suspected shrewdness leads him to adopt—to disguise some defect the fellows believed. But they never caught old Ted off guard."

Farnham saw the Major preparing to come to them. He hurried away rather unceremoniously.

The two men met in the centre of the grand circle. They had shaken hands, but Laurie Farnham did not release the Major's hand till he had pulled him towards a marble-topped table, and they sat down.

"Just back, aren't you, Ted?"

Major Kent nodded affably.

"Odd we should meet again after so long, in the same variety hall—and under such similar circumstances."

"Quite," the Major said, looking perplexed as he mentally compared this cheerful fellow with the surly young man of five years ago.

"Damn'd funny, wasn't Ruby this evening?" and Farnham laughed immoderately at a recollection.

"Oh, q-quite." But the Major did not even smile.

"You're wondering why it is I've consented to be amused with the crowd?"

"Ha, quite."

"My dear old chap, don't you see? What *may be deuced exasperating in a man's own wife* may be damn'd amusing in *some other fellow's wife*. I tell you Ruby Rainbow—Mrs. Billy Munks—is the funniest little woman on the stage bar none."

The Major made no reply, but sat with his face thrust forward, his large eyelids slowly falling and lifting over his prominent eyes like a horse who has been disturbed from his sun-drowsing.

"Bet he shies at the next fence," Farnham said, *sotto voce*, as he regarded his *vis-à-vis* with a speculative smile.

"Come round to the box and let me introduce you to Lady Farnham. You haven't been back long enough to hear what a lucky chap I am."

The Major regarded him with a baffled look that was almost pathetic, then sunk back as though the strain was too much for his overtaxed imagination.

"I met Miss Cameron—she's a Southerner—last spring, travelling with her people in the Rockies," Farnham explained. "Come along, Kent, and be introduced." Then he added with a sly twinkle in his *débonnaire* blue eyes, "I'm married *again*."

The Major started violently, half-opened his mouth, then glanced curiously across the house to the girl, handsome, keen-looking, and haughty. He shot up as if his chair were fitted with a spring.

"I con—con—congratulate you o—o—old ch—chap," he cried, wringing his friend's hand.

As arm in arm the two men passed round to box D the Major musingly repeated, with vast enjoyment and unprecedented volubility:

"Wha—, wha—, what m—may be du—euced ex—exasperating in—in your ow—o— own wi—ife, may be—be—be—damn'd amusing in some other fellow's wife. Quite, quite. Haw, haw!"

ELLEN BEAUMONT LOVEDAY.

A SENSATIONAL SKETCH AT THE PALLADIUM

"Striking Home," a one-act drama produced at the Palladium last week, may be recommended to those who, even in their amusements, do not want to forget the social problems that are always with us. The picture shows the return of the strike-leader, Jim Mason, to his home. The child is dead, the father having turned off the light at the main, making the operation, which would have saved its life, impossible

CONCERNING OBESITY

ITS EFFECT AND TREATMENT

Obesity is a disorder of nutrition, a trouble characterised by hypertrophy of the adipose cellular tissue.

It usually commences after physical growth has ended. It is not localised in the subcutaneous tissue alone, and this has caused many physicians to call Obesity a generalised lipomatosis.

OBESITY HARMFUL TO HEALTH.

Obesity injures health by reason of the functional troubles caused by accumulations of fat.

For the person afflicted with Obesity any effort physical as well as mental is difficult.

The Person Afflicted with Obesity is above all Apathetic. The need for rest is at all times mandatory.

With the least exertion, Dyspnœa and Palpitations of the Heart appear, and the latter becomes so insistent that in time the majority of those who have Obesity grow Anæmic. In some cases the malady leads to veritable Fatty Degeneration of the Heart, which may result in serious cardiac troubles.

OBESITY DESTROYS BEAUTY.

Obesity ruins beauty by destroying the harmony of proportions; nature normally develops in an equal manner.

In the early stages of increasing fatness it is at the base of the cheeks that the fatty cells localise and multiply; then, particularly with women, the fatty tissues develop on the shoulders, on the breast, and under the arms; the stature thickens, the hips become disproportionately large, and, finally, the arms and legs become misshapen.!

TREATMENT OF OBESITY.

1. Mechanical Treatments

Consisting of violent exercises, excessively long walks, massage.

These methods are more preventive and prophylactic than curative.

2. External Treatments.

Based on absorption by the skin, they consist of the applications of pomades, liniments, soaps, mineral waters, vapour baths, etc.

Other external treatments have never given appreciable results. On the contrary, their use has been the frequent cause of Skin Diseases, owing to the irritating effect on the skin.

3. Internal Treatments.

Of all the internal treatments variously recommended up to the present day, those involving the use of organic matter drawn from the thyroid gland of animals, or based upon acetic acid, unquestionably succeed to reduce weight, but they cause such havoc in the human system that physicians forbid their use.

Sufferers should also avoid Obesity treatments which claim to cure within a few days; the too sudden loss of flesh is most prejudical to the health.

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Iodhyrine is an Albumino-Iodised Compound prepared Synthetically, Entirely Assimilable, and Devoid of all Poisonous Action, invented by Dr. Deschamp, of the Paris Faculty of Medicine.

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Read THE DAILY GRAPHIC

The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

Mr. Holbrook Jackson

Mr. Holbrook Jackson, in the intervals of editing two of our literary journals, finds time to publish an occasional volume which should not be missed. *All Manner of Folk* (Duckworth: 3*s.* 6*d.* net) is the latest from his pen. To-day, as everyone knows, is the age of fiction—even the most seriously minded publishers of scientific and engineering masterpieces now seem keen to include a novel or two in their lists—but there is plenty of room for volumes of essays—if they be good. A mediocre essay is about as dull a thing as can possibly get itself printed: a really good essay however, never lacks readers, and Mr. Holbrook Jackson belongs to that small band of writers who have something to say and the ability to say it. In the present volume he is occupied with personalities; and so various are these personalities that it is impossible to think of another title for his book. William Morris and Max, Whitman and Whistler, Edward Lear and Edward Carpenter—all come in for Mr. Jackson's leisurely consideration. And there is a calm philosophy underlying these essays of his: you feel that he is having a good time himself and expects you to follow his example. Read his essay on nonsense, and buy all the nonsense books with which your bookseller is familiar. Read his views upon our modern dancers, and take a ticket for one or other of the theatres where they may be performing. And then as you are enjoying yourself, some sentence or other from this book will come back to you, and if you are wise you will dip into it again. It is that kind of book. Also, it is delightfully illustrated.

Câmera Portrait *Hoppé*

MR. HOLBROOK JACKSON

Whose latest book, "All Manner of Folk," is reviewed on this page

"The Waster"

Mrs. Henry Tippett, in *The Waster* (John Long: 6*s.*), introduces you to a hero with every claim to consideration. The Waster ought to have been a soldier like his father before him, but preferred painting and falling in love. And, really, considering the number of charming women who fall in love with him, you can hardly blame him. Mrs. Tippett's skill lies in her ability to describe these dear creatures, whose only resemblance appears to be their common regard for the Waster. Possibly the novel loses a little from the fact that almost every chapter introduces another lady, but I suppose that is the Waster's fault rather than Mrs. Tippett's. In any case the result is pleasing. There is, indeed, a slight story running through the book, but it is in character that Mrs. Tippett excels. The presentment of the Lady Evelyn is altogether out of the ordinary rank of work: she is one of those delightfully selfish people who love, but only to a point. She badly wants the Waster, but she also wants riches and position, two matters which mean nothing at all to the Waster himself. The final scene between them is very finely told, and Mrs. Tippett makes you see the horror of that love which just misses the ideal. It is an interesting experiment, this book, and proves that the authoress can describe real men and women.

"The Trespasser"

The Trespasser (Duckworth: 6*s.*), by D. H. Lawrence—is quite a remarkable piece of writing. The story itself is simple—merely the love of Siegmund, an unhappily married musician, and Helena, one of his pupils—but the craft of the thing is immense. The greater part of the book is taken up by a detailed description of a four days' holiday which Siegmund and Helena steal from their humdrum existence. The details of this ill-fated holiday are almost frighteningly exact, but Mr. Lawrence writes so well and so finely that he is never offensive. Indeed, he invests his story with some touch of greatness. The lovers have their fill of love and the sun, but tragedy ensues. Siegmund, unable to bear the bitterness of the aftermath, hangs himself; Helena marries another man within a year of his death. It says much for Mr. Lawrence's powers that he can sustain his reader's interest through chapter after chapter of the closest resemblance, but the story rings true.

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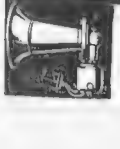

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The AUTOTHERM FLASK is not an attempt to imitate older and less perfect makes, but a triumph in construction and efficiency—the most hygienic, and as superior to its rivals as the modern locomotive is to the early steam engine. It is also the *cheapest* as well as the *best*.

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GOLF.

Mr. A. J. Robertson

DEEP sympathy will, I feel sure, be extended by all golfers to Mr. A. J. Robertson in the affliction which has befallen him. Owing to a wound caused by a rusty nail to his right foot blood-poisoning supervened, an operation had to be performed, and the foot had to be amputated. This is a severe misfortune for any man, but doubly severe in the case of so distinguished and devoted a golfer as Mr. Robertson. He was the original founder and first editor of *Golf*, now known as *Golf Illustrated*, and during his editorship he did incalculable service to the game in supporting its best traditions and fostering the right spirit among the many new adherents who flocked to its standard during the boom of the 'nineties. Mr. Robertson was no mere theorist, as he was an admirable player, who gave evidence of his prowess on many a stricken field.

The French and Belgian Open Championships

The moment our Championship was finished a goodly band of our leading men hurried over to Paris to see whether they could rob the Frenchmen of their Championship at La Boulie. The quest proved a vain one, for although Vardon led at the conclusion of the first day's play with Duncan second, Gassiat, who did so well at Muirfield, put in a wonderful third round of sixty-eight, going out in the marvellous figure of 31, and beat our great man on the post in the fourth round by one stroke. Tellier, the La Boulie professional, also recorded 68 for his third round, and brought himself up to third place. It was rough luck for Vardon to find himself so soon again in the second place, but no one will grudge Gassiat his well-won honours. He, like Massy, comes from the Basque district. Shortly after the conclusion of the French event most of our men went on to Knocke-sur-Mer to fight for the Belgian Championship. There is a delightful appropriateness in the name of the place where this Championship was played. I refrain, however, from making any evil use of the name. I know nothing of the course beyond the pregnant, if terse, description given of it by "Nisbet" as being "on sand dunes; all natural bunkers." This sounds well, and to judge by the scores returned by Duncan, Ray, and Tom Ball, who tied for first place with 144 each, the bunkers, in spite of the above description, evidently do not occupy the whole of the course to the exclusion of any other and more normal features. In the play-off Duncan won with a fine score of 70, just beating Ray by one stroke. I congratulate him most heartily on his first Championship, and trust it will be the precursor of many more, including the most important of all.

The French Amateur Championship

This annual and popular event at La Boulie brought together a fine entry of prominent players, the outstanding British representatives being the Hon. Michael Scott, Mr. C. B. Macfarlane, Mr. Crummack, and Mr. Fry. Eventually Mr. Macfarlane and Mr. Scott fought their recent Westward Ho! battle over again in the final. This time Mr. Scott had the measure of his old antagonist, and defeated him over thirty-six holes by no less than eight and seven. This success will be some consolation to Mr. Scott for the misfortune of the last hole of his first round in the Championship at Muirfield, but for which he might have taken quite a high place, as, I feel sure, it affected his subsequent play. He gives me the impression of taking his golf in great tournaments in a more serious spirit than our other leading amateurs, and I have great hopes that he will help next year to redeem their position. Heaven knows it wants plenty of redeeming.

ERNEST LEHMANN

THE GOLF CLUB-HOUSE AT EVIAN-LES-BAINS

At Evian, golfers can find excellent opportunities to indulge in their favourite pastime. This resort has, however, many other attractions to recommend it both to the fit and the frail principal among which are the world-famed, health-giving qualities of its waters. The town is situated on the shores of the Lake of Geneva, and is annually, from May to October, the Mecca of a large number of pilgrims who worship at this shrine of the Goddess of Health. Evian possesses a comfortable theatre, and, of course, that indispensable adjunct to the Continental resort, the casino. Its two principal hotels are the Royal and Splendide

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AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY

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Calais	3	24/-	—	15/6
Do.	8	31/6	26/6	20/6
Ostend	8	29/1	20/8	15/8
Le Touquet	5	34/9	28/7	20/5
Ste. Cécile	5	32/10	27/0	19/2

WEEK-END TICKETS TO HOLIDAY RESORTS, as below, available by any Express or Ordinary Train (Mail and Boat Expresses excepted), will be issued from LONDON and certain Suburban Stations on August 2nd, 3rd, and 4th, available for return on August 4th, 5th, 6th, or 7th.

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Deal	18/6	12/6	9/-	St. Leonards	14/-	10/6	8/-
Dover	17/6	12/6	9/-	Sandgate	17/6	12/6	9/-
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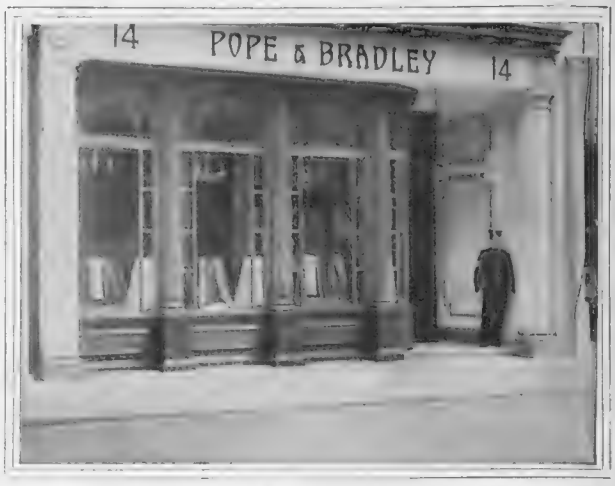

POPE & BRADLEY

ON the left-hand side of Mount Street, going West from Berkeley Square, there stands a fine old building which was at one time the Vestry Hall of St. George's, Hanover Square. Within these walls is now housed the well-known dress establishment of Enos, and here is conducted one of the largest, though most exclusive, of businesses in the West End of London. Crossing the threshold of the premises one is immediately struck by the cool, quiet, and dignified appearance of the entrance hall and staircase, with the tesselated floors, the imposing marble columns and walls treated with a delicate tint of French grey. The fitting-rooms, too, are all that can be desired to render the process of fitting a pleasure, there being specially decorated rooms for every style of dress, while for *lingerie* there is a boudoir treated in the Louis Quinze period. Enos number among their clients many of the most aristocratic members of London Society. It is interesting to note at the present time that this firm have been entrusted with the preparation of the wedding *trousseaux* of Lady Marjorie Manners, who is to marry the Marquis of Anglesey on the 3rd of August.

THE establishment of Messrs. Pope and Bradley at No. 14, Old Bond Street, though of comparatively recent origin there, bids fair to become one of the most popular tailoring houses in the West End. Commencing business some years ago at 11-13, Southampton Row, W.C.—a branch which is still also in existence—the success of the firm was both rapid and definite, and the demand for a branch in the heart of the West End and convenient to Clubland became desirable, not to say imperative. The scheme of decoration observed in Messrs. Pope and Bradley's *salons* is an ideal one for assisting visitors in the matter of selection by showing to advantage the wide and diverse materials which the firm offer to the inspection of their clients. Messrs. Pope and Bradley's policy of transacting business on a strictly cash basis renders it possible for them to supply the finest material and workmanship at the lowest possible cost compatible with satisfaction. A copy of the firm's elegant book on "Vogue," written by Mr. H. Dennis Bradley—one of the partners—may be had on application. It is an artistic and comprehensive study of modern dress, with illustrations by some of the cleverest artists of the day.

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GAMES AND PASTIMES

BACK ROW (*left to right*): H. M. Macintosh (C), W. C. Moore (O), A. E. D. Anderson (C), H. E. B. Henderson (O), P. J. Baker (C).
FRONT ROW: S. S. Abrahams (C), C. H. Porter (O), A. N. S. Jackson (O), G. R. L. Anderson (O), K. Powell (C), P. Macmillan (C), H. S. O. Ashington (C).
A GROUP OF OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE COMPETITORS IN THE OLYMPIC GAMES AT STOCKHOLM

A British Victory!

To those who delight in wailing over England's "decadence," the result of the Davis Cup tie at Folkestone must have been a grievous disappointment. To the others, who, I am happy to think, are still in the majority (outside Fleet Street), it came as a correspondingly cheerful tonic. For as things turned out France only won the single victory referred to last week, and though the Gore *v.* Decugis match was left unfinished, I feel little doubt as to what the issue would have been, seeing that Decugis was playing his opponent's very own back-line game, and doing it too well. His colleague, who had just given Wimbledon the lie by beating Gore, also disposed, in his match with Dixon, of the belief that Laurentz was the youngest member of the French team. Laurentz is said to be only eighteen, but no one over eight would have shown in a most crucial match such infantile irritation and pantomimic passion as the French champion did when, after the first set, things did not come off for him—and, of course, the more he fumed the less they came off.

"ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA!"
The progress of woman "down under" is attested by the thoroughly manly appearance of these two Australian ladies, Miss Fanny Durack and Miss Wilhelmina Wylie, who were first and second respectively in the ladies' 100 metres swimming race at the Olympic games

International Tooth-Gnashing

Talking of the Olympic business, I should like to express my cordial agreement with and congratulations to "Downwriter" (if he will accept them) on his trenchant remarks in last week's issue under the heading of "England's Place in the Shade." He has put the attitude of English sportsmen in a picturesquely paradoxical nutshell. Who in England cares a Mesopotamian Dam if, as "Downwriter" puts it, the Shove-Ha'penny Challenge Saucer *does* go to Siberia or the Catch-as-Catch-Can Cup to the champion clincher of the Lower Caucasus? Well, I have never met this international tooth-gnasher yet, and he seems to be so busy just now pouring out flapdoodle in the (shove-ha'penny) papers that he is not likely to be out and about much until what is known as the "silly season" is over.

The Real Sporting Nations

As for the Olympic sports of which one *has* heard the names before, it seems to me pretty obvious in the first place that the nation which is most genuinely expert in any of them—by which I mean one that can show a large body of skilled amateur enthusiasts, rather than a selection of specialists with professional trainers—will have too many important engagements at home to send its best men to Stockholm or Athens or wherever it may be. And further, what is the best sporting nation, anyway? Isn't it the one that does excellently well at all sports, rather than the one that does supremely well at two or three or four? To paraphrase a famous saying: "You can win at all games some of the time, and at some games all the time, but you can't win at all games all the time." Yet this last is just what our armchair monitors apparently regard as our bare and bounden duty. F.L.M.D.

RACING: Liverpool and Goodwood

BY CARBINE

The Thrilling Eclipse

A prolonged delicious thrill was that wonderful finish for the Eclipse Stakes. Indeed, the whole race may be said to have been thrilling, for in its first half we had the spectacle of Tagalie bowling along at the head of her field, just as she had done so effectively in the Derby. This time, however, she had different stuff to beat. We had a great preliminary spasm of excitement at the bend for home, where Stedfast made his effort to cut down the Derby winner. For a moment she resisted him, but only for a moment. Then Lord Derby's great horse went ahead, only to be challenged in his turn by Prince Palatine. One will not readily forget that neck-to-neck struggle of two brilliant thoroughbreds for over a hundred yards. Prince Palatine possesses a shade the better stamina, and that pulled him through by the shortest of heads. If the race were run over again I think that Stedfast would still be favourite, and probably win. Mr. Raphael tells me that Tagalie will now proceed steadily with her preparation for the St. Leger, which promises to be full of interest.

This Week's Good Racing

There is excellent racing this week with Liverpool and Hurst Park. Most general interest attaches to the Liverpool Cup on Friday, which promises to be an attractive affair. **Mushroom** may win. There are many other important events at the meeting, including the St. George Stakes on Wednesday which may fall to **Lorenzo.** Unless Shogun and Craganour appear for the Mersey Stakes, **Diadumenos** seems a good thing, while **Cyllius** is my fancy for the Molyneux Plate. On the following day **My Dolly** should be given a chance of retrieving her Sandown failure, and the Southport Plate may be secured by **Waiontha.** One need not look beyond **Stedfast** if he is sent for the Atlantic Stakes and, in his absence, his stable companion, **Oliver Goldsmith,** may prove a good substitute. On Friday I hope the Kingsclere stable will have a turn and win the Hurst Park Foal Plate with **Coracle.** On the second day at this meeting it is possible that Lomond will be brought out for the Duchess of York Plate, but I expect to see the race won by **Maiden Erlegh.** For the Sprint Handicap **The Angel Man** is my fancy.

The Stewards' Cup

Goodwood will have begun before next week's issue makes its appearance, so it behoves me to make a selection now for the Stewards' Cup, always a difficult race to spot the winner of. It is as usual extremely open, and I shall content myself with recommending **Grammont** and **Great Surprise,** the latter each way.

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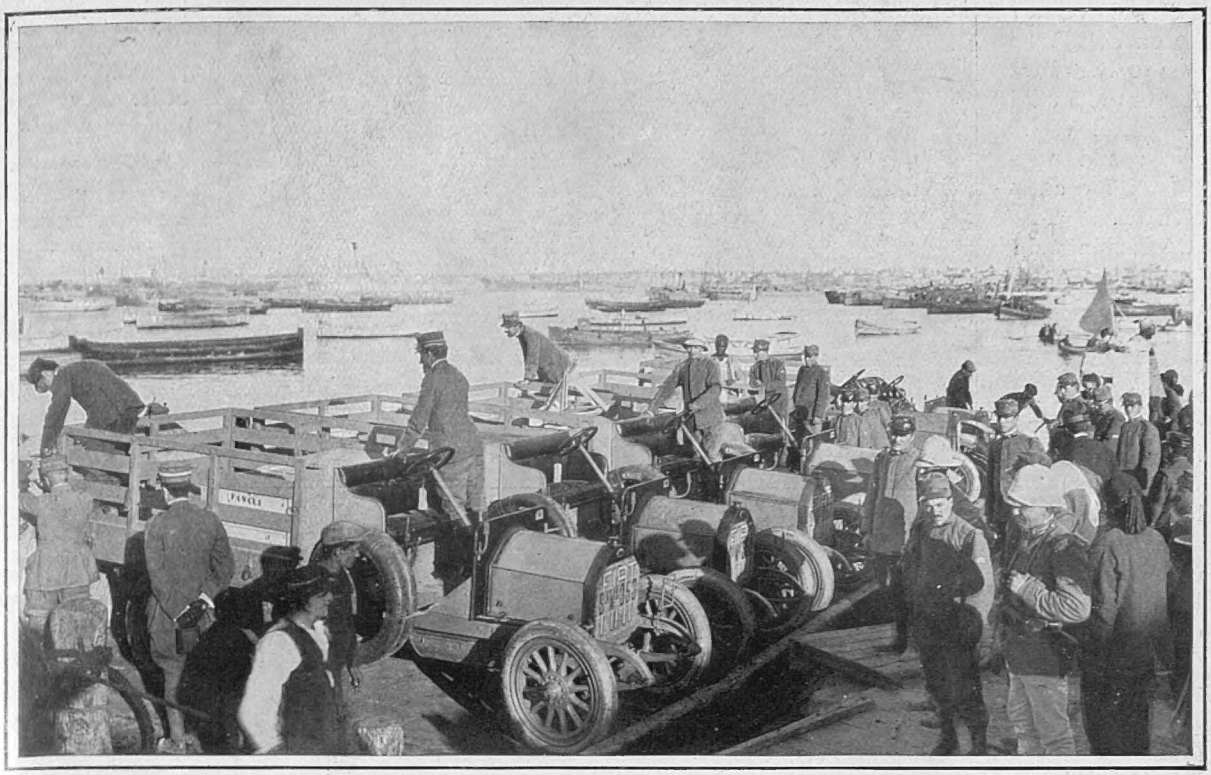

Photograph] THE ECLIPSE OF THE CAMEL IN TRIPOLI [*Cav. Luca Comerio, Milan*

The arrival of the first consignment of F.I.A.T. motor-wagons which are to displace camels for transport work in Tripoli. Two hundred of these vehicles have been ordered by the Italian Government for military transport work. All of them are fitted with Michelin twin tyres. With the motor-sledge in competition with dogs in Arctic regions, the camel being pushed out of its native soil, and the horse defeated everywhere, haulage animals will soon be without a place whereon to set their feet

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

A Fiasco

Only the splendid running of the Singer and the Gladiator redeemed the Standard Car Race of last week at Brooklands. In all other respects it was the most dismal of failures. It started with an entry of fourteen. That in itself was depressing enough, particularly as the engine limit had been extended this year to include cars up to 20.1 h.-p. The fact, however, that the extension had drawn entries from the Sunbeam and Singer Companies, and that in addition to the Straker-Squire, one of the speediest and best of the "fifteens" of the world, we had two Stars, the new Turcat Mery, the Crespelle, the S.C.A.R., the Gregoire, the Vinot, and the Gladiator, gave promise of an interesting if not a very large contest. But the Sunbeams withdrew on the ground that their standard gearing was devised for road work in the hands of private users and would be seriously handicapped in speed work on the track against cars which, although standard, were geared higher; the Gregoire did not turn up, and the two Stars and the Straker-Squire were disqualified because they entered standard "sporting" models and not standard "touring" cars.

A Great Duel

We were left, therefore, with eight starters (a vulgar fraction of the number of last year), of which three were Singers. Five of the eight eliminated themselves in the running, and one of the remaining three (the Turcat Mery) was so far behind the two leaders that it did not count in the contest at all, having merely to finish in order to get a place. An hour after the first two had completed their course I left the third car still running. Only the performances of the Singer and the little Gladiator saved the event from utter fiasco. During the course of the 100 laps (277 miles), which is the extent of the race, the Singer had several times to stop for replenishment and adjustment—twice owing to its exhaust-pipe working loose. The Gladiator ran on without bustle or excitement at a steady 57 m.p.h., and had need to halt but once for supplies. The Singer, however, always overhauled it, and we entered our last lap with the two of them alternately leading until, coming into the straight for the finish, the Singer just got away sufficiently to win at an average speed for the whole distance of 57.49 m.p.h., with the Gladiator less than a second behind. I offer cordial thanks to these two cars, as well as hearty congratulations. They saved the situation, made an event, and supplied the handful of spectators with some solace for sitting on a cement track for nearly five hours under a record sun.

On Getting You Home

The reply of the R.A.C. to the latest A.A. scheme of sentry-boxes and telephones is a "get you home" label. If the A.A. member breaks down

or is hung up on the road for any reason at all, he goes to the nearest box, or waits until the patrol comes along, and telephones for assistance. The R.A.C. man waits for a guide or sends his label along by any available means to the nearest R.A.C. garage. The label is the guarantee to the repairer that he will be paid for sending assistance, even though, so far as he is concerned, the alarm should prove false through the stranded one being rescued by other means before the repairer's arrival. Both schemes are serviceable in their measure, or will be when their organisation is complete; but the A.A. man will have the pull in that his use of the telephone is not confined to calls for assistance. He can ring for any or all of the hundred and one urgent things that may occur to him on the road—instructing his bookmaker about the big race, booking lunch at the next stopping place, and the rest of it.

THE CAR IN CANADA

A meet of motorists at Brandon, a rising young Canadian city. The dimensions of the meet suggest a motoring movement far larger than the expectations of motorists unfamiliar with the Dominion. As a matter of fact, automobilism is to-day a very important factor in the sporting and utilitarian life of the cities, both summer and winter. One of the most exhilarating experiences is a run on the ice under brilliant sunshine

In Compression

One of the primest of factors in the sum of tyre cost is certainly car weight Ultra heavy bodies mean greatly increased tyre stresses. They also mean over inflation rendered necessary to carry the load, and that, in its turn, means profound discomfort, because road shocks are the more readily and surely transmitted to the car's occupants. Shortly, the pneumatic tyre has been largely robbed of its most important quality. That is a very sound reason for heavy car owners to consider the possibilities of the Michelin Twin tyre, which must, in the nature of things, palliate the trouble. Conversion is easy, and the contribution thereby made to car comfort (not specially to mention any monetary advantage secured) must establish this twin, when its properties are appreciated, in our high regard. First send for the illustrated booklet upon the subject. It will be very worth while.

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